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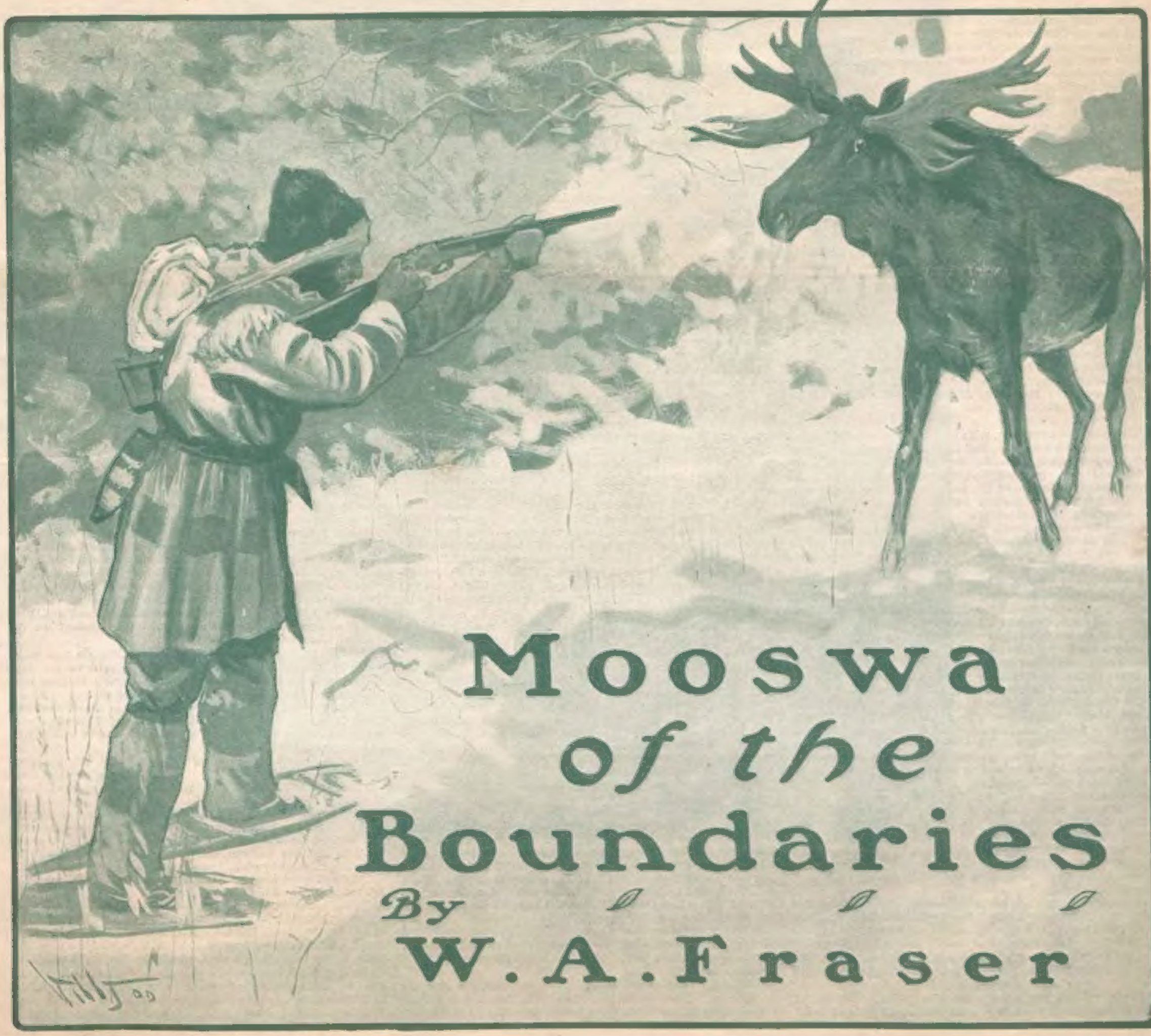
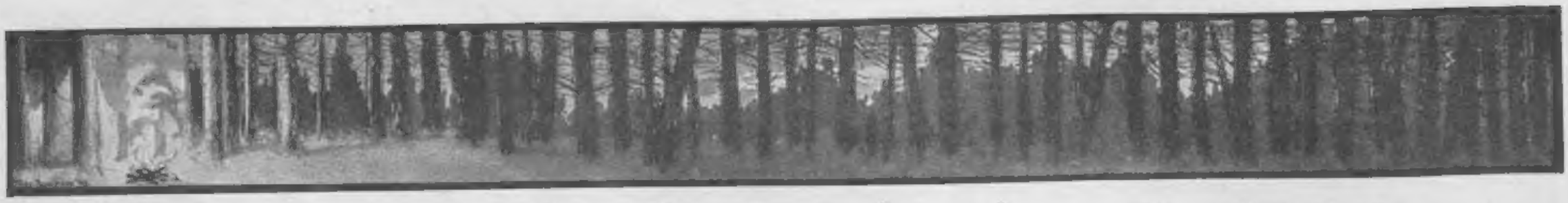


Mooswa of the Boundaries

By W. A. Fraser



Mooswa of the Boundaries By W. A. Fraser

Choosing the King

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THE DWELLERS OF THE BOUNDARIES AND THEIR NAMES IN LANGUAGE OF THE CREE INDIANS

MOOSWA, the Moose: *Protector of the Boy.*
MUSKWA, the Bear.
BLACK FOX: *King of the Boundaries.*
THE RED WIDOW: *Black Fox's Mother.*
CROSS-STRIPES: *Black Fox's Baby Brother.*
ROF, the Blue Wolf: *Leader of the Gray Wolf Pack.*
CARCAJOU, the Wolverine: *Lieutenant to Black King, and known as "the Devil of the Woods."*
PISEW, the Lynx: *Possessed of a catlike treachery.*
UMISK, the Beaver: *Known for his honest industry.*
WAPOOS, the Rabbit: *He is really a Hare—the meat food for Man and Beast in the Boundaries.*
WAPISTAN, the Marten: *With fur like the Sable.*
NEKIK, the Otter: *An eater of Fish.*
SAKWASEW, the Mink: *Would sell his mother for a Fish.*
WUCHUSK, the Muskrat: *A houseless vagabond who admired Umisk, the Beaver.*
SIKAK, the Skunk: *A chap to be avoided.*
WENUSK, the Badger.
WUCHAK, the Fisher.
WHISKY-JACK, the Canada Jay: *A sharp-tongued gossip.*
COUGAR, Eagle, Buffalo, Ant and Caribou.
WIE-SAH-KE-CHACK: *Legendary god of the Indians, who could change himself into an animal at will.*
FRANÇOIS: *A French Half-breed Trapper.*
NICHEMOUS: *A Half-breed Hunter.*
Trappers, Half-breeds and Train Dogs.
ROD, the Boy: *Son of Donald MacGregor, formerly Factor to Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Resolution.*

When Rod was a little chap, Mooswa had been brought in to Fort Resolution as a calf, his mother having been killed, and boy and beast became playmates. Then MacGregor was moved to Edmonton, and Rod was brought up in civilization until he was fourteen, when he got permission to go back to the Athabasca for a winter's trapping with François, who was an old servant of the Factor. This story is of that winter. Mooswa had been turned loose in the forest by Factor MacGregor when leaving the Fort.

The Boundaries include the great spruce forests and muskeg lands lying between the Saskatchewan River, the Arctic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains—the home of the fur-bearing animals.

THE short, hot summer, with its long-drawn-out days full of coaxing sunshine, had ripened Nature's harvest of purple-belled pea-vine, and yellow-blossomed Gaillardia, and tall, straight-growing mooseweed; had turned the heart-shaped leaves of the poplars into new sovereigns, that fell with softened clink from the branches to Earth, waiting for its brilliant mantle—a fairy mantle, all sashed blood-red by crimson maple woven in a woof of tawny bunch-grass and lace-fronded fern.

Oh, but it was beautiful—that land of the Boundaries, where Black Fox was King! It stretched from the Saskatchewan to where the Peace first bounded in splashing leaps from the boulder-lined foothills of the Rockies; all beautiful, spruce-forested and muskeg-dotted—the soft muskegs, knee deep under a moss carpet of silver and green.

The saskatoons, big brothers to the huckleberry, were drying on the bush where they had ripened; the raspberries had grown red in their time and gladdened the heart of Muskwa, the Bear; the currants clustered like strings of black pearls by the cool beds of the lazy streams, where pin-tailed Grouse, and Pheasant in big red cravats, strutted and croaked in this glorious feeding ground, so like a miniature vineyard; the cranberries nestled shyly in the moss, and the wolf and willow berries gleamed like tiny white stars along the banks of the swift-running, emerald-green Saskatchewan and Athabasca. All this was in the heritage land of Black Fox and Muskwa and Mooswa.

It was at this time, in the full autumn, that Whisky-Jack flew North and South, and East and West, and called to a meeting the Dwellers that were in the Boundaries. This was for the yearly choosing of the King and for the settling of other matters. When they had gathered, Black Fox greeted the animals:

"Good year to you, Subjects, and much eating, each unto his own way of life!"

Whisky-Jack preened his mischievous head, ruffled his blue-gray feathers, broke into the harsh, cackling laugh of the Jay, and sneered: "Eating! always of eating; and never a more beautiful song to you, or——"

"Less thieving to you, eh, Mister Jay?" growled Muskwa. "You who come by your eating easily have it not so heavily on your mind as we toilers."

"Well, let me see," resumed Black Fox. "Here ye have all assembled; for form's sake I will call your names."

From Mooswa to Wapoos each one of the Dwellers as his name was spoken stepped forward in the circle and saluted the King.

"Jack has been a faithful messenger," said Black King; "but where are Cougar and Buffalo and Eagle?"

"They had notice, Your Majesty; but Cougar says the Mountain is his King, and that he wouldn't trust himself among a lot of plain-dwellers."

"He's a highway robber and an outlaw, anyway, so it doesn't matter," asserted Carcajou.

"You wouldn't talk that way if he were at your throat, my fat little friend," lisped Whisky-Jack. "Buffalo is afraid of Man, and won't come; nearly all his brothers have been killed off, and he is hiding in the spruce woods near Athabasca Lake."

"I saw a herd of them last summer," declared Mooswa; "fine big fellows they have grown to be, too. Their hair is longer and blacker and curlier than it was when they were on the plains. There's no more than fifty of them left alive in all the North woods; it's awful to think of how they were slaughtered. That's why I stick to the Timber Boundaries."

"Eagle won't come, Your Majesty, because Jay's chatter makes his head ache," declared Carcajou.

"Blame me," cried Whisky-Jack, "if anybody doesn't turn up at the meeting—say it's my fault; I don't mind."

"You know why we meet as usual?" queried Black Fox, placing his big, white-tipped brush affectedly about his feet.

"That they do," piped Whisky-Jack; "it's because they're afraid of losing their hides. I'm not—nobody tries to rob me."

"Worthless gabbler!" growled Muskwa.

"Jack is right," declared Black Fox; "if we do not help each other with the things we have learned, our warm coats will soon be on the shoulders of the White Men's wives."

"Is that why the Men are always chasing us?" asked Beaver, turning his sharp-pointed head with the litttle bead-eyes toward the King.

"Not in your case," snapped Whisky-Jack, "for they eat you, Old Fat Tail. I heard the two White Men who camped on our river last winter say that your brother, whom they caught when they raided your little round lodge, tasted like beefsteak, whatever that is—he, he! And François, the guide, ate his tail and said it was like fat bacon."

"Unthinking wretch!" cried Umisk angrily, bringing his broad tail down on a stone like the crack of a pistol.

"I picked his bones," taunted the Jay; "he was dead and cooked, too, so it didn't matter."

"Cannibal!" grunted Bear.

"They eat you, too, Muskwa—only when they're very hungry, though; they say your flesh is like bad pork, strong and tough."

Black Fox interrupted the discord. "Comrades," he pleaded, "don't mind Jack; he's only a Jay, and you know what chatterers they are. He means well—does he not tell us when the Trappers are coming, and where the traps are?"

"Yes, and steal the bait so you won't get caught," added Jay. "Oh, I *am* good—I help you. You're a lot of crawling fools—all but the King. You can run and fight, but you don't know things. That's because you don't associate with Man, and sit in his camp as I do."

"I've been in his camp," asserted Carcajou, slyly picking up a small stone to shy at Jack.

"Not when he was home," retorted the Jay; "you sneaked in to steal when he was away."

"Stop!" commanded the King angrily. "Your chatter spoils everything. Do stop!"

Whisky-Jack spread his feathers till he looked like a woolen ball and subsided.

"This is the end of the year," continued Black Fox, "and the great question is, are you satisfied with the rule?"

Wolverine spoke: "I have been Lieutenant to the Black King for four years—I am satisfied. When our enemies, the Trappers, have tried to catch us by new wiles His Majesty has told us how to escape."

"Did he, always?" demanded the Bird. "Who knew of the little white powder that François put in the meat—the white medicine powder he had in a bottle? Neither you, Carcajou, nor Black King, nor any one tasted that—did you? Even now you do not know the name of it; but I can tell you—it's strychnine. Ha, ha! but that was funny. They put it out, and I, Whisky-Jack, whom you call a tramp, told you. I, Jack the Gabbler, flew till my wings were tired warning you to beware."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," retorted Wolverine; "Black King would have found it with his nose. Can he not tell even if any Man has touched the meat that is always a bait?"

"Stupid!" exclaimed Jack: "do you think the Men are such fools. They handle not the bait that is put in the traps—they know that all the brains you chaps have are in your noses. Catch François, the half-breed, doing that; he's too clever. He cuts it with a long knife and handles it with a stick. The little white powder that is the essence of Death is put in a hole in the meat. I know; I've seen him at it. Haven't their Train Dogs noses also—and didn't two of them that time eat the bait, and die before they had traveled the length of a Rabbit run. I saw them—they grew stiff and quiet, like the White Man who fell in the snow last winter when he was lost. But I'm satisfied with Black Fox; and you can be his Lieutenant—I don't care."

"Yes," continued Carcajou, "who among us is more fitted to be King? Muskwa is strong and big and brave; but soon he will go into his house and sleep until spring. What would become of us with no King for months?"

"Yes, I'm sleepy," answered Bear, "and tired. I've tramped up and down the banks of the river eating white buffalo-berries and red cranberries until I'm weary. They are so small, and I am so big; it keeps me busy all day."

"You've got stout on it," chuckled the Jay. "I wish I could get fat."

"You talk too much and fret yourself to death over other people's business," growled Bear. "You're a meddling tramp."

"Muskwa," said the Mink, "there are bushels and bushels of big, juicy, black currants up in the muskeg, near the creek I fish in—I wish I could eat them. Swimming, swimming all day after little frightened Fish that are getting so cunning. Why, they hide under sticks and get up in shallow water among the stones so that I can hardly see them. It must be pleasant to sit up on your quarters, nice and dry, pull down the bushes and eat great juicy berries. I wish I lived on fruit."

"No, you don't," snarled Jay; "you'd sell your soul for a Fish."

"If you're quite through wrangling," interrupted Wolverine, "I'll go on talking about the King. Who is better suited than Black Fox? Is it Mooswa? He would make a very magnificent-looking King. See his great horns. He would protect us—just now; but do you not know that in the spring they will drop off, and our comrade will be like a Man without hands all summer. Why, even his own Wife won't look at him while he is in that condition. Then the young horns come out soft and pulpy, all covered with velvet, and, until they get hard again, are tender, and he's afraid to strike anything with them.

"You see, we must have somebody that is King all the year round. Why, Mooswa couldn't tell us about the bait; he can't put his nose to the ground. He can't even eat grass because of his short neck."

"I wish I could," sighed the Moose. "I get tired of the purple-headed mooseweed, and the leaves and twigs. The young grass looks so sweet and fresh. But Carcajou is right; I was made this way—I don't know why, though."

"No, you weren't," objected Whisky-Jack; "you're such a lordly chap when you get your horns in good order, and have gone around so much with that big nose stuck up in the air that you've just got into that shape—he, he! I've seen Men like you. The Hudson's Bay Factor, at Slave Lake, is just that sort. Bah! I don't want you for a King."

The Bull Moose waved his tasseled beard back and forth angrily, and stamped a sharp, powerful forefoot on the ground like a trip-hammer.

The Black King interfered again. "Why do you make everybody angry, you silly Bird?" he said to the Jay. "Do you learn this bitter talk from listening to your Men friends while you are waiting for their scraps?"

"Perhaps so; I learn many things from them, and you learn from me. But go on, Bully Carcajou. Tell us all why we're not fit to be kings. Perhaps Rof, there, would like to hear about his failings."

"I don't want to be King," growled Rof, the big Blue Wolf, surlily.

"No, your manners are against you," sneered Jack; "you'd do better as executioner."

"Well," commenced Carcajou, taking up the challenge, "to tell you the truth, we're all just a little afraid of Rof. We don't want a despotic king if we can help it. I don't wish to hurt his feelings, but when Blue Wolf got hungry his subjects might suffer."

"I don't want him for King," piped the Mink; "his jaws are too strong and his legs too long."

"Oh, I couldn't stay here," declared Blue Wolf, "and manage things for you fellows. Next month I'm going away down below Grand Rapids. My brother has been hunting there with a pack of twenty good fellows, and he says the Rabbits are so thick that he's actually getting fat," and Wolf licked his steel jaws with a movement that made them all shudder. His big lolling tongue looked like a firebrand.

"You needn't fret," squeaked Jay. "We don't want you. We don't want a rowdy ruler. I saw you fighting with the

Train Dogs over at Wapiscaw last winter. You're as disgraceful as any domestic cur."

"Now, Pisew——" began Carcajou.

As he mentioned the Lynx's name a smile went round the meeting. Whisky-Jack took a perfect fit of chuckling laughter, until he fell off his perch. This made him cranky in an instant. "Of all the silly sneaks!" he exclaimed scornfully, as he fluttered up on a small jack-pine, and stuck out his ruffled breast. "That spear-eared creature for King! Oh, my! oh, my! that's too rich! He'd have you all catching Rabbits for him to eat. Kings are great gourmands, I know; but they don't eat Field Mice, and Frogs, and Snails, and trash of that sort—not raw, anyway."

Carcajou proceeded more gravely with his objection. "As I said before, this is purely a matter of business with us, and anything I say must not be taken as a personal affront——"

"Of course not, of course not," interrupted Jack. "Go on with your candid observations, Humpback."

"We all know our friend's weakness for perfume," continued Wolverine.

"Do you call castoreum a perfume?" questioned Whisky-Jack. "It's a vile, diabolical stink—that's what it is. Why, the Trappers won't keep it in their shacks—it smells so bad; they bury it outside. Nobody but a gaunt, brainless creature like the Cat there would risk his neck for a whiff of that horrible smelling stuff."

"Order!" commanded Black King; "you get so personal, Jack. You know that our comrade, Beaver, furnishes the castoreum, don't you?"

"Yes, I know; and he ought to be ashamed of it."

"It's not our fault," declared Umisk; "your friends, the cruel Trappers, don't get it from us till we're dead."

"Well, never mind about that," objected Carcajou. "We know, and the Trappers know, that Lynx is the easiest caught of all our fellows; and if he were our King they'd snare him in a week; then we'd be without a ruler. We must have some one that not only can take care of himself but of us, too."

"Pisew can't do that—he can't take care of his own family," twittered Jack. "His big furry feet make a trail in the snow like Panther's, and then, when you come up to him, he's just a great starved Cat, with less brains than a Tadpole."

Carcajou suddenly reared on his hind quarters and let fly the stone with his short, strong right arm at the Bird. "Evil chatterer!" he exclaimed angrily, "you are always making mischief."

Jack hopped nimbly to one side, cocked his saucy, silvered head downward, and piped: "Proceed with the meeting; the prince of all mischief-makers, Carcajou, the Devil of the Woods, lectures us on morality."

"Yes, let us proceed with the discussion," commanded Black King.

"Brothers," said the Moose, in a voice that was strangely plaintive coming from such a big, deep throat, "I am satisfied with Black Fox for King; but if anything were to happen requiring us to choose another, one of almost equal wisdom, I should like to nominate Beaver. We know that when the world was destroyed by the great flood, and there was nothing but water, Umisk took a little mud, made it into a ball with his handy tail, and the ball grew and they built it up until it became dry land again. Wie-sah-ke-chack has told us all about that. I have traveled from the Athabasca across Peace River, and up to the foothills of the big mountains, to the head-waters of the Smoky, and have seen much of brother Umisk's clever work and careful, cautious way of life. I never heard any one say a word against his honesty."

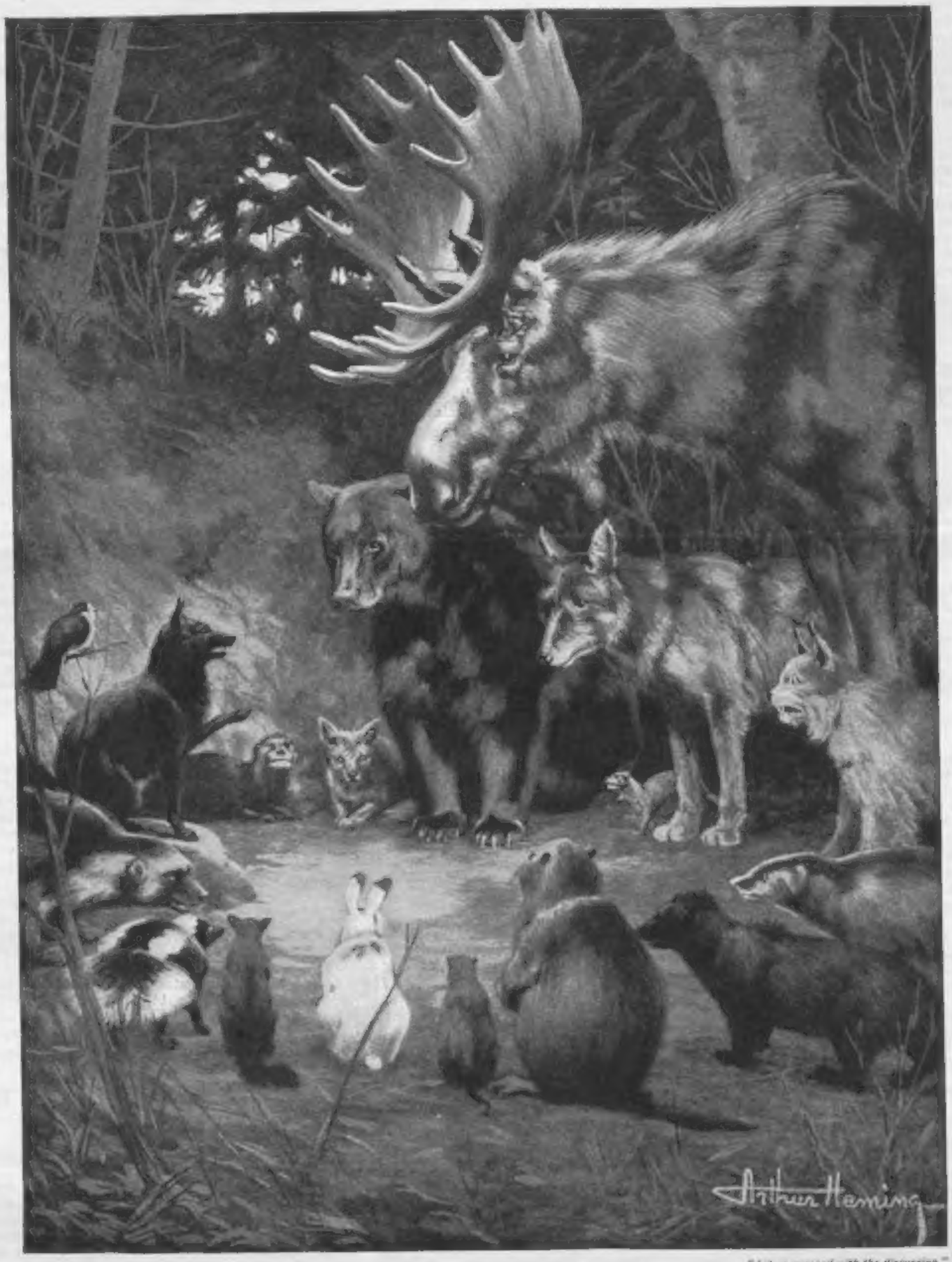
"That's something," interrupted Jay; "that's more than can be said for many of us."

The big melancholy eyes of the Moose simply blinked solemnly, and he proceeded: "Brother Umisk has constructed dams across streams, and turned miles of forest into rich, moist muskeg, where the loveliest long grasses grow—most delicious eating. The dams are like the great hard roads you have seen the White Men cut through our country to pull their stupid carts over; I can cross the softest muskeg on one of these and my sharp hoofs hardly bury to the fetlock. Is that not work worthy of an Animal King? And he has more forethought, more care for the winter, than any of us. Some of you have seen his stock of food."

"I have," eagerly interrupted Nekik, the Otter.

"And I," said Fisher.

"I, too, Mooswa," cried Mink. "I, too, have seen it," quoth Muskrat; "it's just beautiful!"



"Let us proceed with the discussion," commanded Black King

"You tell them about Umisk's food supply, brother Muskrat," commanded the Moose. "I can't dive under the water like you, and see it ready stored, but I have observed the trees cut down by his chisel-teeth."

"You make me blush," remonstrated Beaver modestly.

"Beautiful white poplar trees," went on Mooswa; "and always cut so that they fall just on the edge of the stream. Is not that clever for one of us? A Man can't do it every time."

"Trowel-tail only cuts the leaning trees—that's why," explained Whisky-Jack.

Mooswa was too haughty to notice the interruption, but continued his laudation of Beaver's cunning work. "Then he cuts the poplar into pieces the length of my leg; and, while I think of it, I'd like to ask him why he leaves on the end of each stick a piece like the handle of a rolling-pin."

"What's a rolling-pin?" gasped Jack.

"Something the cook throws at your head when you're trying to steal his dinner," interjected Carcajou.

Lynx laughed maliciously at this thrust. "Isn't Wolverine a witty chap?" he said, fawningly, to Blue Wolf.

"I know what that cunning little end is for," declared Muskrat. "I'll tell you what Beaver does with the sticks under water, and then you'll understand."

Black King yawned as though bored. "It makes him sleepy to hear his rival praised," sneered Whiskey-Jack.

"Well," continued Wuchusk, "Beaver floats the poplar pieces down to his pond, to a little place just up stream from his lodge, with a nice soft bottom. There he dives swiftly with each stick, and the small round end you speak of, Mooswa sticks in the mud, see? Oh, it is clever; I wish I could do it—but I can't. I have to rummage around all winter for my dinner. All the sticks stand there close together on end; the ice forms on top of the water, and nobody can see them. When Umisk wants his dinner he swims up the pond, selects a nice, fat, juicy poplar, pulls it out of the mud, floats it in the front door of his pretty, round-roofed lodge, strips off the rough covering, and eats the white, mealy inner-bark. It's delicious! No wonder Beaver is fat."

"I should think it would be indigestible," said Lynx. "But isn't Umisk kind to his family—dear little chap!"

"Must be hard on the teeth," remarked Mink. "I find fish bones tough enough."

"Oh, it's just lovely!" sighed Beaver. "I like it."

"What do you do with the logs after you've eaten the crust?" asked Black King, pretending to be interested.

"Float them down against the dam," answered Beaver. "They come in handy for repairing breaks."

"What breaks the dam?" mumbled Blue Wolf gruffly.

"I know," screamed Jay; "the Trappers. I saw François knock a hole in one last winter. That's how he caught your cousins, Umisk, when they rushed to fix the break."

"How do you know when it's damaged, Beaver?" queried Mooswa. "Supposing it was done when you were asleep—you don't make your bed in the water, I suppose."

"No, we have a nice dry shelf all around on the inside of the lodge, just above. We call it the second-story; but we keep our tails in the water always, so as soon as it commences to lower we feel it, you know."

"That is wise," gravely assented Mooswa. "Have I not said that Umisk is almost as clever as our King?"

"He may be," chirruped Jay; "but François never caught the Black King and he catches many Beaver. Last winter he took out a pack of their thick brown coats, and I heard him say there were fifty pelts in it."

"That's just it," concurred Carcajou. "I admire Umisk as much as anybody He's an honest, hard-working little chap; and looks after his family and relations better than any of us; but if there were any trouble on we couldn't consult him, for at the first crack of a firestick, or bark of a Train Dog, he's down under the water, and either hidden away in his lodge, or in one of the many hiding-holes he has

dug in the banks for just such emergencies. We must have some one who can get about and warn us all."

"I object to him because he's got Fleas," declared Jay.

"Fleas!" a chorus of voices exclaimed in protest.

The Coyote, who had been digging viciously at the back of his ear with a sharp-clawed foot, dropped his leg, got up and stretched himself with a yawn, hoping that nobody had observed his petulant scratching.

"That's silly," declared Mooswa. "A chap that lives under the water have Fleas?"

"Is it?" piped Whisky-Jack. "What's his thick fur coat with the strong, black guard-hairs for? Do you suppose that doesn't keep his hide dry. If one of you chaps were out in a stiff shower you'd be wet to the skin; but he wouldn't, though he should stay under water a month. If he hasn't got Fleas, what is that double nail on his left hind-foot for?"

"Perhaps he hasn't got a split-nail," ventured Fisher.

"My nails are all single," asserted Muskrat.

"Look for yourselves if you don't believe me," screamed Jack Jay. "If he hasn't got it, I'll take back what I said, and you can make him King if you wish."

This made Black Fox nervous. "Will you show our comrades your toes, please?" he asked politely.

Umisk held up his foot deprecatingly. There, sure enough, on the second toe, was a long, black, double claw, like a tiny pincers.

"What did I tell you?" shrieked Jack. "He can pin a Flea with that as easily as Mink seizes a wiggling trout. He's got half a dozen different kinds of Fleas, has Umisk. I won't have a King who is little better than a bug nursery. A King must be above that sort of thing."

"This is all nonsense," exclaimed Carcajou angrily, for he had Fleas himself; "it's got nothing to do with the matter. Umisk has to live under the ice nearly all winter, and would be of no more service to us than Muskwa—that's the real objection."

"My!" cried Beaver patting the ground irritably with his trowel-tail, "one really never knows just how vile he is till he gets running for office. Besides, I don't want to be King—I'm too busy. Perhaps some time when I was here governing the Council, François, or another enemy, would break my dam and murder the whole family; besides, it's too dusty out here—I like the nice, clean water. My feet get sore walking on the land."

"Oh, he doesn't want to be King!" declared Jay ironically. "Next! next! Who else is here, frog-legged Carcajou?"

"Well, there's Muskrat," suggested Lynx; "I like him."

"Yes, to eat!" interrupted Whisky-Jack. "If Wuchusk were King we'd come home some day and find that he'd been eaten by one of his own subjects—by the sneaking Lynx—'Slink' it should be."

"Well," said Carcajou, "like Lynx, I admire Beaver, though I never ate one in my life——"

"Pisew did," chirruped the Bird from over their heads.

"Though I never ate one," solemnly repeated Wolverine; "but if Umisk won't do for King, there is no use discussing Wuchusk's chances. He has all Trowel-Tail's failings, without his great wisdom, and he even can't build a decent house though he lives in one. Half the time he hasn't anything to eat for his family; you'll see him skirmishing about winter or summer, eating roots or, like our friends Mink and Otter, chasing Fish. Anyway, I get tired of that horrible odor of musk always. His house smells as bad as a Trapper's shack with piles of fur in it. I hate people who use musk; it shows bad taste; and to carry a little bag of it around with one all the time—it's detestable."

"You should take a trip to the Barren Lands, my fastidious friend, as I did once," interposed Mooswa, "and get a whiff of the Musk Ox. Much fodder! it turned my stomach."

"You took too much of it, old Blubber-Nose," yelled Jay fiendishly; "Wolverine hasn't got a nose like the head of a Sturgeon Fish. Anyway, you're out of it, Mr. Rat; if the Lieutenant says you're not fit for King, why you're not—I must say I'm glad of it."

"There are still the two cousins, Otter and Mink," said Carcajou.

"Fish Thieves—both of them!" declared Whisky-Jack. "So is Fisher, only he hasn't nerve to go in the water after Fish; he waits till Man catches and dries them, then robs the cache. That's why they call him Fisher—they should name him Fish-stealer."

"Look here, Jack," retorted Wolverine, "last winter I heard François say that you stole even his soap."

"I thought it was butter," chuckled Jay; "it made me horribly sick."

"I must say," continued Carcajou, "that these two cousins, Otter and Mink, like Muskrat, have too limited a knowledge for either to be Chief of the Boundaries. Though they know all about streams and water powers, they'd be lost on land. Why, in deep snow Nekik with his short little legs makes a track as though somebody had pulled a log along—that wouldn't do."

"I don't want to be King," declared Otter.

"Nor I," added Mink.

"And we don't want you—so that settles it; all agreed!" cried Whisky-Jack gleefully.

"Black Fox will make the best King," said Carcajou; "he has saved us from many a trap in the past; also is he wearer of a regal coat. Look at him! His mother and all his brothers and sisters are red, except Stripes, the baby, who is a cross; does that not show that he has been selected for royal honors? Among ourselves each one is like his brother—there is little difference. The Minks are all alike, the Otters are alike, the Wolves are alike—all are alike: except, of course, that one may be a little larger, or a little darker, than the other. Look at the King's magnificent robe—blacker than Fisher's coat; and the silver tip of the white guard-hairs makes it more beautiful than any of our jackets."

"It's just lovely," purred Pisew with a fine sycophantic touch.

"I'm glad I haven't a coat like that," sang out Jay; "His Majesty will be assassinated some day for it. Do you fellows know what he's worth to the Trappers—do any of you know your market value? I thought not—let me tell you."

"For the sake of a mild winter, don't—not just now," pleaded Carcajou. "Let us settle this business of the King first, then you can all spin yarns."

"Yes, we're wasting time," declared Umisk. "I've got work to do on my house, so let us select a chief by all means. There's Coyote, and Wapoos, and Sikak the Skunk who have not yet been mentioned." But each of these three had skeletons in their forest closets, so they hastily asserted that they were not in the campaign as candidates.

"Well, then," asked Carcajou, "are you all agreed to have Black Fox as leader until the fulness of another year?"

"I'm satisfied," said Bear gruffly.

"It's an honor to have him," ventured Pisew the Lynx.

"He's a good enough King," declared Nekik the Otter.

"I'm agreed!" exclaimed Beaver; "I want to get home to my work."

"Long live the King!" barked Blue Wolf.

"Long live the King!" repeated Mink, and Fisher, and the rest of them in chorus.

"Now that's settled," announced Wolverine.

"Thank you, comrades," said Black Fox; "you honor me. I will try to be just, and look after you carefully. May I have Wolverine as Lieutenant again?"

They all agreed to this.

(The second of these stories will appear in next week's issue)

The World and the Young Man—*By* Albert J. Beveridge

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I TOLD the editor when he asked me to write on The Young Man and the World that the title ought to be reversed. The world needs advice respecting the young man much more than the young man respecting the world. The young man has had no experience and cannot profit by it; the world has had infinite experience and will not profit by it. In its attitude toward all youth, the world of society and affairs is measurelessly selfish, measurelessly egotistic—if that word may be used toward this vast collective individuality which we call the world. Its attitude is: I know all and cannot make a mistake. It is full of guile and craft and tricks and the conceits of life. The Apostle James (read him if you want the perfection of phrase and the very condensation of sense) had this in mind when he charged men to keep themselves "unspotted from the world."

It is to this world that these words are addressed with respect to the young man. The world tolerates him if he does not disturb it, looks at him superciliously if he dares an opinion, is angered if he acts, and crushes him if it can if he achieves. Crushes him if it can—that is, unless and until he achieves so mightily that it listens to him and obeys him. Think of the brilliant young General Hoche and the Convention; think of the equally brilliant and equally young Bonaparte and the Convention mastered—yes, and France and the world mastered, too. Owen Meredith was only a banjo philosopher, it is true, but it is a pretty good thing he said when he declared that

> "This world is a nettle.
> Disturb it, it stings;
> Grasp it firmly, it stings not.
> One of two things,
> If you would not be stung,
> It behooves you to settle;
> Avoid it or crush it."

Now, of course there is no such thing as crushing the world, and it ought not to be crushed. This characterization of itself is merely holding a mirror up to it that it may see itself before it hears the advice contained in this paper. When it sees itself in all of its shallowness, carelessness and infinite selfishness and cruelty (you remember Burns's "man's inhumanity to man," etc.), there may be some humility on the part of the world as a preparation for the possible comprehension by itself of its attitude toward the young man. This great heedless world needs some advice respecting that most helpless and yet, in his potential nature, that most powerful of all influences, the young man who is just confronting it.

I claim no originality for this thought. I read in some sermon (I think it was by Myron Reed) that the most pathetic thing in life is that a man of either thought or action must spend two-thirds of his life getting a hearing. "During this time," said the preacher, "the man of thought speaks his immortal word, the man of action does his immortal deed; all the time the great, stupid, ignorant world is refusing to listen or to heed, but finally, when the fires of genius have burned low, when the great thoughts have been uttered and the great works wrought, then it is willing to give ear and eye to the necessarily feebler acts and thoughts of the great man's later days."

It refuses to come near the fire when in full glow; it comes and puts its hands into the ashes after the flame has died out and the ashes themselves are growing cold.

The World Condemns His Best Qualities

The first thing that the world should remember about the young man who is confronting it, asking his daily bread of it, his honors of it, his rightful place in it, is the inestimable value of the very qualities which the world at present condemns in young men; the qualities of freshness, of innocence, of faith, of confidence, of high honesty, of Don Quixote courage. These are qualities which, in human character, are worth all the wisdom of the market-place many million times multiplied. They are the qualities which, in spite of itself, keep the world young and tolerable.

The young man comes to the world fresh from his mother's knee. The Lord's Prayer is still in his mind; his mother taught it to him. The glorious fable of Washington and the cherry tree is still in his heart; his mother taught it to him. A beautiful honor that makes him very foolish on stock exchange and causes the shrewd ones to say, "He will know more after a while"—the beautiful honor that makes him throw over what the world calls advantages—still glorifies his soul; his mother taught him that honor. The confidence that God is just, and that success is surely his if he will but do right, still beautifies him like the rose-tinted clouds of morning; it is the influence of his mother's teaching.

His mind and soul are still full of what men, whose imaginations and hearts have been shriveled by experience and the years, call illusions. It is not necessary to catalogue longer the noble enthusiasms with which he steps from the old home and confronts the crafty old spider in its web—the world. It is not a spider to him. It is a great, kindly, generous, welcoming world.

How does the world look at these qualities? You hear it in the common expressions: "He is young yet," "He is fresh," "He will know more after a while," "He has the audacity of youth," "He is full of illusions," and a thousand other familiar phrases, heartless as they are stupid. Let the world understand that these qualities with which the mother labors to endow her child, from the time the blessing of maternity is hers to the time the bright-eyed young fellow steps out from her arms, are more valuable to the world itself than all its gold mines, all its scientific discoveries, all its electric railroads, all its games of politics, all its commerce.

If the world were not each year renewed, refreshed, glorified by the magnificent honor and fine expectancies of its young men, it would soon become simply fiendish in its sordidness, selfishness and baseness. Let the world, then, preserve these fine qualities at which it now sneers; not for the young man's sake—no, that is not to be expected—but for its own sake. Let the world turn to the Master and think of what He said: "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." I am pleading for the tolerance of what are now called impracticable business defects in youthful character, which in reality are the vital blood by which the world is morally kept alive.

Why the World Fears the Young Man

The world might as well understand also that its attitude toward the young man of thought, vigor, courage and faith is not caused by its superior wisdom. It is caused by its fear of the stout-hearted, hopeful young fellow with the future coiled up in his brain and heart. It knows very well that Time, "Time, the tomb builder," as Prentiss calls it, will make it the slave of that young man. It knows well that the remorseless years will give it over into his hands to do what he will with it, and it puts off the day by its coldnesses and its discouragements.

There is nothing unkind in these words. It is merely a plain statement of the situation so that the world may hear the real truth about itself; and then we can talk about this young man who begs of the world a chance to live, and who, ultimately, in spite of the world, must not only have his chance, but must actually possess the world itself.

The first attitude that the world ought really to take toward the young man is charity. How parrot-like one is. Charity! "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." I defy any man who talks about the practical affairs of this life to get away from the Bible.

Let the world then have, first, charity for the young man. Let it realize that for the particular moment there is nothing conceivable so helpless as he. He is just as helpless as, in time, he will become mighty and irresistible. In the paper on The Young Man and the World I earnestly advised every young man, as a practical matter, to do at least one thing each day, not only free from any selfish motive, but from which no possible material benefit could come to himself.

And now this is the reverse side of that shield. Let the world give to the young man a little start, a little help, a little foothold, a little encouragement. And by the world I mean the great mass of men who have ceased to be young men, or who, still young in years, have achieved places of power—those who hold the reins of affairs and business, of industrial and social conditions.

Helped Some Struggler Each Week

I heard of a banker once who saw to it that at least once each week he hunted up some young man, bravely struggling, bravely fighting, and gave him some little assistance—a piece of business, an opportunity, needful and kindly counsel—something that moistened his parched lips, dry and hot from running the

hard race that all youth must run for success. I said to myself: "There is something in reincarnation; the soul of Abou-ben-Adhem is dwelling in that banker's heart."

For years the greatest pleasure of my life, outside of home, has been that young boys have come to me from all over my State to talk about how they should proceed in life's battle. You, too, may have the same pleasure. But beware how you do this, saying in your heart: "I will help this young man, and when he succeeds I will reap my reward." Such a selfish thought will utterly poison your advice, deflect your moral vision, distort your intellectual perceptions.

That man who advises a young man with the thought that some day he will be able to reap a selfish advantage from that young man's success has probably by that very thought been rendered incapable of giving sound advice or profitable help. Help the young man for his sake, for the sake of the great humanity of which he is a fresh and beautiful part, and for the sake of that abstract good which is the only reward, after all, in this life worthy the consideration of a serious man.

Story of the Crafty Young Politician

I heard not long ago of a brilliant and crafty young politician who was and is an earnest champion and helper of a very successful and highly practical man in public life. Unfortunately he had acquired some of the traits of the world. He was suspicious, distrustful. He feared betrayal here, a Judas there. The caution increased his cunning but was impairing his character. The man to whose fortunes he was attached called him in, in the midst of a great political battle, on which the fortunes of that man depended, and said to his young lieutenant:

"Success in this fight is important to me, but it is not so important as the ruin of your character which I see going on. You are becoming permanently distrustful, suspicious. You think one friend will fail us here, that that friend is untrue, that the other one may be influenced improperly. Very soon you will begin to suspect me, then you will suspect yourself, and then—then, you are utterly lost. Stop it. I would rather lose the fight than see you lose your character."

That man was right and the attitude he took in his advice to the young man was right. Let the world quit encouraging young men to think that guile alone succeeds, let it encourage the faith that nothing but the noble and the good really succeeds in the end. Let every one point out to the young man confronting the world that it is not so great a thing after all to be smart, not so great a thing after all to be capable with the little tricks of life, but that it is everything to be good and trustful and fearless and constructive.

It will not do for the world to reply that it does, in words, encourage these fine qualities of youth. It does not, except in formal and meaningless utterances—preachments that have not the vitality of individuality in them. Words are very little; almost less than nothing. But attitude and action are everything. The young man would not feel that he had to be "slick" or crafty or cunning if the world's attitude did not drive him to such a conclusion. It is the nature of young men the world over, and particularly of young Americans, to be open in life, direct in method, lofty in purpose and fearless in action. As far as he is deflected from these, the world deflects him.

A very successful lawyer once told me the following—it illustrates my point. "I remember," said he, "that when I was a law student one of the most brilliant young men I ever met—one of the most brilliant young or old men I ever met—one day received a client of the firm with a luxury of attention and a sumptuousness of courtesy that deeply aroused my ignorant and rural admiration. When the consultation had been finished, and the rich client had left the office, this young lawyer, who had bowed him out with a deft compliment that made the client feel that he was the point about which the universe was revolving, turned and said as he went to his desk, 'There goes the shallowest fool and most stupid rascal in the State.'

"When asked how he could say such a thing after having treated the client with such distinction, he turned with a wink of his eye and said: 'That is the way to work them. You don't know the world yet. Wait till you get on in the world—*it* will teach you how to handle them.'

The Evil Done by a Cunning Lawyer

"That young man had become thoroughly saturated with the opinion that Ferrers, in Ernest Maltravers, is the type to be imitated—a character crafty, cunning, playing on the weaknesses of men. He had gotten his opinion from the apparent success of the tricks and sharp practices of the law. He had not seen the broader horizon above which only the heads of those who are as good as they are capable ever rise. It was a fatal method for him. It was a fatal method for at least two young students upon whom his ideals and influences fell with determining power."

It is a fatal view of life for any young man to get, and the young man who comes out from the ennobling influences of the American mother will not take this view if the world does not compel him to do so. The world, then, should not applaud any feat of smartness or cunning on the part of the young man. It should not wink its eye and pat him on the shoulder and say, "That was very smooth, very smooth indeed."

The young man confronts the world with mingled courage and timidity. It is so vast. It seems so unconquerable. And yet he has been taught to believe that if he meets it with a high fearlessness he will conquer. Out of this thought and his nervous timidity combined comes what appears to the world to be a senseless courage, a foolish daring. The world at once resolves to rebuke him, to pain him, if possible to destroy him.

In the campaign of 1898 a young man with all of these qualities and gifted with considerable oratorical power, was seeking an opportunity to get a little hearing. He had just graduated from college, had opened a law office, had never had the shadow or substance of a client, but he had that fresh confidence that the world so brutally repels, and the ability back of it which the world stubbornly denies, until, finally, it must accept it.

I secured for him an invitation to make some speeches in a neighboring State. He was delighted. He went, but returned wounded in spirit by the heedlessness of the State Committee and the indifference of men of prominence who had refused to notice him. And yet the fine courage that dared take part in the great struggle just beginning was a quality which was more valuable to his party and to the world and to humanity than all of the schemes of the men who rejected him. It is this courage constantly injected into the veins of the world which, little by little, is lifting mankind up to a more and still more endurable estate. I shall never be able to perform a higher service than to light again, as I did, the fires of his confidence and young daring.

Illusions of Youth to be Cherished

Let the world not suppose that by encouraging these great qualities of youth which it now represses, and only too often kills, it will spoil the young man. The intrinsic difficulties of life are great enough to keep him within bounds, no matter how much encouragement he receives. The very nature of things, and the constitution of society as he comes to examine it in its concrete manifestations, will chasten his illusions. The rarity of the air as he mounts upward and upward in life will weight his wings at last. The limitations of Nature and of affairs will, in themselves, be all the chastisement he needs to correct abnormal hope, courage, faith or honor—yes, even more than enough. Let the world, then—the men and women who have won their places in life—let them nourish the enthusiasms and the elemental illusions of youth wherever they see them.

After all, they are not illusions. They are the only true things in this universe. The houses that men construct will in time decay. The remorseless elements will rot the trees down to the earth from which they grew. The laws that men make will lose their force and be succeeded by other statutes, equally temporary and futile. Reputations men build will vanish almost before they are made. Civilizations they erect will pass from their flowering into the seed of future civilizations and be forgotten, too.

But the illusions with which the young man confronts the world at the beginning of his career are as eternal as God's word: "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from *the law* till all be fulfilled." And the illusions of the young man—of the young American particularly—are the manifestations of that law—the eternal law of the eternal verities. Let the world look to it, then, that the exalted qualities of youth which make it indiscreet, audacious, exhilarant, yes, and spotless, too, be not discouraged, repressed, destroyed; for these qualities are "the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men." Speaking to the world of business and of society, I therefore plead for tolerance of all the fresh, clean, high and splendid—absurd if you will—illusions of the young man seeking his seat at the table where all great men eat and where all, at the end, must drink the same hemlock cup.

For if these illusions are destroyed and replaced with the wisdom of the serpent, Tennyson's Locksley Hall will sure enough and in sad and stern reality be replaced by his Locksley Hall Sixty Years After. Take the young man, then, by the hand, take him to your heart and, instead of destroying, catch if you can some of the glory—the faith—the freshness—the illusions—of his youth. Remember that Wordsworth uttered an ultimate note when he said:

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar.
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But *trailing clouds of glory, do we come*
> *From God*, who is our home."

And it is these clouds of glory that still surround the young man when he stands brave, and sweet and full of faith and with his mother's precious precepts and counsels ringing in his ears, before the great old world, wrinkled with its infinite centuries and palsied by its own infinite disappointments and failures.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—To the young man: When you read this, do not get to pitying yourself. That is fatal. Do not get the notion that the world is not giving you your just due. If you have such an idea, thrust it instantly from you. If the world has downed you, up and at it again. If, a second time, it knocks you out, still up and at it again. And keep smiling. Never whine—you deserve defeat if you do that. Be a "thoroughbred," as the expression of the hour has it. After you conquer the world, you will find that the old pirate has a kindly and even loving heart. All you have to do is to keep in condition and keep fighting. And that ought to be pleasant to any masculine creature—what more can he want? Just go right ahead with faith in God, believing in all the virtues and keeping up your nerve. But if you get to pitying yourself you are lost, and ought to be.

The Coming of His Sweetheart

By FRANK L. STANTON

DE DAISIES spread a carpet fer de fallin' er her feet—
My honey, my honey, my sweet:
En de Red Rose know de way
Dat she walkin' ever' day.
My honey, my honey, my sweet!

De River stop en say:
"She a-comin' dis a-way!"
En de Water-Lily dancin' lak' he had a holiday:
En de Winter say: "I reckon I mus' look out fer de May,
My honey, my honey, my sweet!"

De Sunflower tu'n ter meet her in de medder en de street—
My honey, my honey, my sweet:
En de Mockin' Bird he say:
"I mus' sing my bes' to-day
Fer my honey, my honey, my sweet!"

De Wins dey runs a race
Des a-rompin' roun' de place,
En blow de li'l stars out caze dey peepin' in her face:
En de Honeysuckle tell her dat her lips is sweet ter tase—
My honey, my honey, my sweet!

I heah de bells a-ringin' cross de clover en de wheat—
My honey, my honey, my sweet:
En de Sun rise up en say
He a-lightin' her my way,
My honey, my honey, my sweet!

I heahs her footsteps plain
In de pathur er de rain—
In de drappin' er de blossoms in de medder en de lane,
En my heart is des a-gwine lak' a silver ban' a-playin'
Fer my honey, my honey, my sweet!

Young Barbarians

A Last Resort

By Ian Maclaren

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IT WAS quite in the order of things that the Rector should be ill and absent from his classes from time to time, because he was a scholar and absent-minded to a degree—going to bed in the morning, and being got out of bed in rather less than time for his work; eating when it occurred to him, but preferring, on the whole, not to eat at all; wearing very much the same clothes summer and winter, and if he added a heavy top-coat, more likely putting it on in the height of summer and going without it when there were ten degrees of frost.

It was not for his scholarship, but for his peculiarities, that the school loved him; not because he edited a Cæsar and compiled a set of Latin exercises, for which perfectly unnecessary and disgusting labors the school hated him, but because he used to arrive at ten minutes past nine, and his form was able to jeer at Bulldog's boys as they hastened into their classroom with much discretion at one minute before the hour. Because he used to be so much taken up with a happy phrase in Horace that he would forget the presence of his class, and walk up and down before the fireplace, chortling aloud, and because sometimes he was so hoarse that he could only communicate with the class by signs, which they unanimously misunderstood. Because he would sometimes be absent for a whole week, and his form was thrown in with another, with the result of much enjoyable friction and an almost perfect neglect of work.

He was respected by all, and never was annoyed even by ruffians like Howieson, because every one knew that the Rector was an honorable gentleman, with all his eccentric ways, and the Muirtown Advertiser had a leader every spring on the achievements of his scholars.

Edinburgh professors who came to examine the school used to fill up their speeches on the prize day with graceful compliments to the Rector, supported by classical quotations, during which the boys cheered rapturously and the Rector looked as if he were going to be hanged. He was one of the recognized glories of Muirtown, and was freely referred to at municipal banquets by bailies whose hearts had grown merry within them with drinking the Queen's health, and he was associated in the peroration to the toast of "the Fair City" with the North Meadow, and the Fair Maid, and the River Tay, and the county jail.

Bulldog was of another breed. Whatever may have been his negligence of dress and occupation in private life—and on this subject Nestie and Spiug told fearful lies—he exhibited the most exasperating regularity in public, from his copperplate handwriting to his speckless dress, but especially by an inhuman and absolutely sinful punctuality.

No one with a heart within him and any regard for the comfort of his fellow-creatures, especially boys, had any right to observe times and seasons with such exactness. During all our time, except on the one great occasion I wish to record, he was never known to be ill, not even with a cold; and it was said that he never had been for a day off duty, even in the generation before us.

His erect, spare frame, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, seemed impervious to disease, and there was a feeling in the background of our minds that for any illness to have attacked Bulldog would have been an act of impertinence which he would have known how to deal with. It was firmly believed that for the last fifty years—and some said eighty, but that was poetry—Bulldog had entered his classroom every morning, except on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, at 8:50, and was ready to begin work at the stroke of nine.

There was a pleasant story that in the days of our fathers there had been such a fall of snow and so fierce a wind that the bridge had been drifted up, and no one could cross that morning from the other side. The boys from the south side of the town had brought news of the drift to the school, and the earlier arrivals, who had come in hope of a snow fight, were so mightily taken with the news that they hurried to the Muirtown end of the bridge to look at the drift, and danced with joy at the thought that on the other side Bulldog was standing, for once helpless and dismayed.

Spiug's father, true ancestor of such a son, had shouted across the drift invitations for Bulldog to come over, secure in the fact that he could not be seen across its height, and in the hope that Bulldog would not know his voice. When they were weary celebrating the event, and after a pleasant encounter with a hastily organized regiment of message boys, the eager scholars sauntered along to the school, skirmishing as they went, just to be ready for the midday fight with the "Pennies."

For the pure joy of it they opened the door of the mathematical classroom merely to see how it looked when Bulldog was not there, and found that estimable teacher at his desk, waiting to receive them with bland courtesy. Some said that he had stayed in Muirtown all night, anticipating that drift, others that he had climbed over it in the early morning, before Muirtown was awake; but it was found out afterward that he had induced old Duncan Rorison, the salmon fisher, to ferry him across the flooded river, that it took them an hour to reach the Muirtown side, and that they had both been nearly drowned in the adventure.

"Come in, my boys," was all that he said. "Ye're a little late, but the roads are heavy this morning. Come to the fire and warm yir hands before ye begin yir work. It's a fine day for mathematics;" and Mr. McGuffie, senior, used to tell his son with much relish that their hands were warmed. The school was profoundly convinced that if necessary Bulldog would be prepared to swim the river rather than miss a day in the mathematical classroom.

It was a pleasant spring morning, and the marble season had just begun, when Howieson, after a vicious and well-directed stroke which won him three brownies, inquired casually whether anybody had seen Bulldog go in; for, notwithstanding the years which came and went, his passing in was always an occasion.

Every one then recollected that he had not been seen, but no one for a moment suggested that he had not arrived; and even when the school trooped into the classroom and found Bulldog's desk empty, there was no exhilaration and no tendency to take advantage of the circumstances. No one knew where he might be lying in wait, and from what quarter he might suddenly appear; and it was wonderful with what docility the boys began to work under the mild and beneficent reign of Mr. Byles, who had not at that time joined with the Dowbiggins in the unlawful pursuit of game.

As the forenoon wore on there was certainly some curiosity, and Nestie was questioned as to Bulldog's whereabouts; but it was understood to be a point of honor with Nestie, as a member of his household, to give no information about Bulldog's movements, and so the school were none the wiser. There was some wild talk during the hour, and a dozen stories were afloat by afternoon.

Next morning it was boldly said that Bulldog was ill, and some, who did not know what truth was, asserted that he was in bed, and challenged Nestie to deny the slander. That ingenious young gentleman replied vaguely but politely, and veiled the whole situation in such a mist of irrelevant detail that the school went in for the second day to the classroom rejoicing with trembling, and not at all sure whether Bulldog might not arrive in a carriage and pair, possibly with a large comforter around his throat, but otherwise full of spirits and perfectly fit for duty.

It was only after the twelve o'clock break and a searching cross-examination of Nestie that the school began to believe in the goodness of Providence and felt like the Children of Israel on the other bank of the Red Sea. Some were for celebrating their independence in the North Meadow and treating Mr. Byles with absolute contempt, but there were others who judged with some acuteness that they could have the North Meadow any day, but they might never again have a full hour in the mathematical classroom without Bulldog.

There seemed a certain fitness in holding the celebration amid the scenes of labor and discipline, and the mathematical class went in to wait on Mr. Byles's instruction in high spirits and without one missing. It is true that the Dowbiggins showed for the first time some reluctance in attending to their studies, but it was pointed out to them in a very firm and persuasive way by Sparrow that it would be disgraceful for them to be absent when Bulldog was ill, and that the class could not allow such an act of treachery. Sparrow was so full of honest feeling that he saw Thomas John safely within the door and, since he showed an unreasonable delay, assisted him across the threshold from behind.

— drew a fetching likeness of Mr. Byles himself

There is no perfectly full and accurate account extant of what took place between twelve and one that day in the mathematical classroom, but what may be called contributions to history oozed out and were gratefully welcomed by the school. It was told how Bauldie, being summoned by Mr. Byles to work a problem on the board, instead of a triangle drew a fetching likeness of Mr. Byles himself, and being much encouraged by the applause of the class, and having an artist's love of his work, thrust a pipe into Mr. Byles's mouth (pictorially), and blacked one of Mr. Byles's eyes, and then went to his seat with a sense of modest worth.

That Mr. Byles, through a want of artistic appreciation, resented this Bohemian likeness of himself and, moved by a Philistine spirit, would have wiped it from the board, but that the senior members of the class would on no account allow any work by a young but promising master to be lost, and succeeded in the struggle in wiping Mr. Byles's own face with the chalky cloth.

That Mr. Byles, instead of entering into the spirit of the day, lost his temper and went to Bulldog's closet for a cane, whereupon Sparrow, seizing the opportunity so pleasantly afforded, locked Mr. Byles in that place of retirement and so kept him out of any further mischief for the rest of the hour. That as Mr. Byles had been deposed from office on account of his incapacity, and the place of mathematical master was left vacant, Sparrow was unanimously elected to the position and gave an address from Bulldog's desk replete with popular humor.

That as Thomas John did not seem to be giving such attention to his studies as might have been expected, Spiug ordered that he be brought up for punishment, which was promptly given by Bauldie and Howieson. That after a long review of Thomas John's iniquitous career, Spiug gave him the tawse with much faithfulness, Bauldie seeing that Thomas John held out his hand in a becoming fashion; then that unhappy young gentleman was sent to his seat with a warning from Sparrow that this must never occur again.

That Nestie, having stealthily left the room, gave such an accurate imitation of Bulldog's voice in the passage—"Pack of little fiddlers taking advantage of my absence; but I'll warm them"—that there was an instantaneous rush for the seats; and when the door opened and Nestie appeared the mathematical classroom was as quiet as pussy and Spiug was ostentatiously working at a mathematical problem.

There are men living who look back on that day with modest, thankful hearts, finding in its remembrance a solace in old age for the cares of life, and the scene on which they dwell most fondly is that of Nestie, whose face had been whitened for his abominable trick, and who was made to stand on the top of Bulldog's desk, singing a school song with the manner of the Count and the accent of Moossy, while Spiug, with a cane in his hand, compelled Dowbiggin to join in the chorus, and Byles could be heard bleating from the closet. Ah, me! how soon we are spoiled by this sinful world, and lose the sweet innocence of our first years! How poor are the rewards of ambition compared to the simple pleasures of childhood!

It could not be expected that we should ever again have another day as good, but every one had a firm confidence in

— their hands were warmed

the originality of Sparrow when it was a question of mischief, and we gathered hopefully around the Russian guns next morning—for the guns were our forum and place of public address—and, while affecting an attitude of studied indifference, we waited to hear the plan of campaign from our leader's lips. But Sparrow, like all great generals, was full of surprises, and that morning he was silent and unapproachable. Various suggestions were made for brightening the mathematical labors and cheering up Mr. Byles, till at last Howieson, weary of their futility, proposed that the whole class should go up to the top of the North Meadow and bathe in the river. Then Sparrow broke silence.

"Ye may go to bathe if ye like, Jock, and Cosh may go wi' ye, and if he's drowned it'll be no loss, nor, for that matter, if the half of ye were carried down the river. For myself, I'm going to the mathematical class, and if onybody meddles wi' Byles I'll fight him in the back yard in the dinner-hour for half a dozen stone-gingers."

"Is there onything wrang with your head, Spiug?" For the thought of Peter busy with a triangle under the care and pastoral oversight of Mr. Byles could only be explained in one way.

"No," replied Spiug savagely, "nor with my fists, either. The fact is——" And then Spiug hesitated, realizing amid his many excellences a certain deficiency of speech for a delicate situation. "Nestie, what are ye glowering at? Get up on the gun and tell them aboot—what ye told me this meenut." And the school gathered in amazement around our pulpit, on which Nestie stood quite unconcerned.

"It was very good fun-n yesterday, boys, but it won't do to-t-to-day. Bully's very ill, and Doctor Manley is afraid that he may d-die, and it would be beastly bad form-m to be having larks when Bulldog is—may be——"

And Nestie came down hurriedly from the gun and went behind the crowd, while Sparrow covered his retreat in an aggressive manner, all the more aggressive that he did not himself seem to be quite indifferent.

Manley said it. Then every boy knew it must be going hard with Bulldog, for there was not in broad Scotland a cleverer, pluckier, cheerier soul in his great profession than John Manley, M. D., of Edinburgh, with half a dozen honors of Scotland, England and France.

He had an insight into cases that was almost supernatural, he gave prescriptions which nobody but his own chemist could make up, he had expedients of treatment that never occurred to any other man, and then he had a way with him that used to bring people up from the gates of death and fill despairing relatives with hope.

His arrival in the sick room, a little man, with brusque, sharp, straightforward manner, seemed in itself to change the whole face of things and beat back the tides of disease. He would not hear that any disease was serious, but he treated it as if it were; he would not allow a gloomy face in a sick room, and his language to women who began to whimper, when he got them outside the room, was such as tom-cats would be ashamed of; and he regarded the idea of any person below eighty dying on his hands as a piece of incredible impertinence.

All over Perthshire country doctors in their hours of anxiety and perplexity sent for Manley; and when two men like William McClure and John Manley took a job in hand together, Death might as well leave and go to another case, for he would not have a look in with those champions in the doorway. English sportsmen in lonely shooting-boxes sent for the Muirtown crack in hours of sudden distress, and then would go up to London and swear in the clubs that there was a man down there in a country town of Scotland who was cleverer than all the West End swell doctors put together.

He would not allow big names of diseases to be used in his hearing, believing that the shadow killed more people than the reality, and fighting with all his might against the melancholy delight that Scots people have in serious sickness and other dreary dispensations. When Manley returned one autumn from a week's holiday and found the people of the North Free Kirk mourning in the streets over their minister, because he was dying of diphtheria, and his young wife asking grace to give her husband up, Manley went to the house in a whirlwind of indignation, declaring that to call a sore throat diphtheria was a tempting of Providence.

It happened, however, that his treatment was exactly the same as that for diphtheria, and although he declared that he didn't know whether it was necessary for him to come back again for such an ordinary case, he did drop in by a series of accidents twice a day for more than a week, and although no one dared to whisper it in his presence, there are people who think to this day that the minister had diphtheria. As Manley, however, insisted that it was nothing but a sore throat, the minister felt bound to get better, and the whole congregation would have thanked Manley in a body had it not been that he would have laughed aloud. Many a boy remembered the day when he had been ill and sweating with terror lest he should die—although he wouldn't have said that to any living creature—and Manley had come in like a breeze of fresh air, and declared that he was nothing but a "skulking young dog," with nothing wrong about him, except the desire to escape for three days from Bulldog.

"Well, Jimmie, ye don't deserve it, for ye're the most mischievous little rascal, except Peter McGuffie, in the whole of Muirtown; but I'll give you three days in bed, and your mother will let you have something nice to eat, and then out you go and back to the Seminary;" and going out of the door Manley would turn around and shake his fist at the bed; "just a trick, nothing else." It might be three weeks before the boy was out of bed, but he was never afraid again, and had some heart to fight his disease.

Boys are not fools, and the Seminary knew that if Manley had allowed death to be even mentioned in connection with Bulldog it was more than likely that they would never see the master of the mathematical department again.

Bulldog had thrashed them all, or almost all, with faithfulness and perseverance, and some of them he had thrashed many times; he had never petted any of them, and never more than six times, perhaps, said a kind word to them. But that morning, as they stood, silent, awkward and angry, there was no doubt the Seminary knew and loved Bulldog.

Never to see his erect figure and stern face come across the North Meadow, never to hear him say again from the desk, "Attention to your work, you little fiddlers"; never to watch him promenading down between the benches, overseeing each boy's task and stimulating the negligent on some tender part of their bodies; never to be thrashed by him again! At the thought of this calamity each boy felt bad in his clothes, and Sparrow, resenting what he judged the impertinent spying of Cosh, threatened to punch his head, and "learn Cosh to be watching him."

"Peter has come, sir," said Nestie, "to ask for you"

As everybody knows, boys have no sentiment and no feeling, so the collapse of that morning must be set down to pure cussedness; but the school was so low that Byles ruled over them without resistance and might have thrashed them if he had so pleased and had not ventured to use Bulldog's cane.

They picked up every scrap of information from their fathers in the evening, although they fiercely resented the suggestion of their mothers that they could be concerned about "Mr. McKinnon's illness"—as if they cared whether a master were ill or well—as if it were not better for them that he should be ill, especially such an old brute as Bulldog! And the average mother was very much disappointed by this lack of feeling, and said to her husband at night that she had expected better things from Archibald; but if she had gone suddenly into Bauldie's room—for that was his real name, Archibald being only the thing given in baptism—she would have found that truculent worthy sobbing aloud and covering his head with the blankets, lest his elder brother, who slept in the same room, should hear him. You have no reason to believe me, and his mother would not have believed me, but—as sure as death—Bauldie was crying because Bulldog was sick unto death.

Next morning Spiug and a couple of friends happened to be loitering by the merest accident at Bailie MacFarlane's shop window, and examining with interest the ancient furniture exposed, at the very time when that worthy magistrate came out and questioned Doctor Manley: "How things were going up-bye wi' the maister."

"Not well, Bailie, not well at all. I don't like the case; it looks bad, very bad, indeed, and I'm not a croaker. Disease is gone and he's a strong man—not a stronger in Muirtown than McKinnon; but he has lost interest in things, and isn't making an effort to get better; just lying quiet and looking at you—says he's taking a rest; and if we don't get him waked up, I tell you, Bailie, it will be a long one."

"Michty!" said the Bailie, overcome with astonishment at the thought of Bulldog dying, as it were, of gentleness.

"Yes, yes," said Manley; "but that's just the way with those strong, healthy men who have never known a day's sickness till they are old; they break up suddenly. And he'll be missed. Bailie, Bulldog didn't thrash you and me, else we would have been better men; but he has attended to our boys."

"He has been verra conscientious;" and the Bailie shook his head, sadly mourning over a man who had laid down his life in discharge of discipline. But the boys departed without remark, and Spiug loosened the strap of Bauldie's books so that they fell in a heap upon the street, whereat there was a brisk interchange of ideas and then the company went on its way rejoicing. So callous is a boy.

Nestie was not at school that day, and perhaps that was the reason that Sparrow grew sulky and ill-tempered, taking offense if any one looked at him, and picking quarrels in the corridors, and finally disappearing during the dinner-hour.

It was supposed that he had broken bounds and gone to Woody Island, that forbidden Paradise of the Seminary, and that while the class was wasting its time with Byles, Peter was playing the Red Indian. He did not deny the charge next day, and took an hour's detention in the afternoon with great equanimity; but at the time he was supposed to be stalking Indians behind the trees, and shooting them as they floated down the river on a log, he was lying among the hay in his father's stable, hidden from sight, and—as sure as death—the Sparrow was trying to pray for Bulldog.

The virtues of Mr. McGuffie, senior, were those of the natural man, and Mr. McGuffie, junior, had never been present at any form of family prayers, nor had he attended a Sunday-school, nor had he sat under any minister in particular. He had had no training in devotional exercises, although he had enjoyed an elaborate education in profanity under his father and the grooms, and so his form of prayer was entirely his own.

"God, I dinna ken how to call You, but they say Ye hear onybody. I'm Peter McGuffie, but mebbe Ye will ken me better by Spiug. I'm no a good laddie like Nestie, and I'm aye gettin' the tawse, but I'm awful fond of Bulldog. Dinna kill Bulldog, God; dinna kill Bulldog! If Ye let him off this time I'll never play truant, and I'll never slap Dowbiggin's face, and I'll never steal birds' eggs, and I'll never set the terrier on the cats. I'll wash my face, and—my hands, too, and I'll go to the Sabbath-schule, and I'll do onything Ye ask me if Ye'll let off Bulldog. For ony sake, dinna kill Bulldog!"

When Doctor Manley came out from the master's garden door that evening he stumbled upon Spiug, who was looking

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in the series of stories by Ian Maclaren under the general title Young Barbarians. The first of the stories appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of May 26. Each is complete in itself.

very miserable, but who began to whistle violently the moment he was detected, and denied that he had come to ask for news.

"Ye did, you young limmer, and you needn't tell me lies, for I know you, Sparrow, and your father before you. I wish I'd good news to give you, but I haven't. I fear you've had your last thrashing from Bulldog."

For a moment Sparrow kicked at a stone on the road and thrust his hands deep into his pockets; then the corners of his mouth began to twitch, and turning round he had his face upon the wall, while his tough little body that had stood many a fight shook all over. Doctor Manley was the first person that had seen Sparrow cry, and he stood over him to protect him from the gaze of any wandering message boys who might come along the lane. By and by Sparrow began to speak between his sobs.

"It was a lee, Doctor, for I did come up to ask, but I didna like to let on. . . . I heard ye say that ye couldna rouse Bulldog to take an interest in onything and I thought o' something."

"What was it, Sparrow?" and the doctor laid his hands on the boy's shoulder and encouraged him to proceed. "I'll never tell; ye may trust me."

"Naething pleased Bulldog sae weel as givin' us a lickin'; if he juist had a cane in his hands and a laddie afore him, Bulldog would sune be himsel' again, and—there's no a laddie in schule he's licked as often as me. And I cam up ——" and Spiug stuck.

"To offer yourself for a thrashing, you mean. You've mentioned the medicine; 'pon my word, I believe it's just the very thing that will do the trick. Confound you, Sparrow! if ye haven't found out what I was seeking after, and I've been doctoring those Muirtown sinners for more than thirty years. Come along, laddie; we've had our consultation, and we'll go to the patient." And Manley hurried Spiug through the garden and into the house.

"Wait a minute here," said the doctor, "and I'll come back to you." And in a little while Nestie came downstairs and found his friend in the lobby, confused and frightened for the first time in his life, and Nestie saw the marks of distress upon his face.

"Doctor M–Manley told me, Spiug, and" (putting an arm round his neck) "you're the g–goodest chap in Muirtown. It's awfully d–decent of you, and it 'ill p–please Bully tremendous."

And then Sparrow went up as consulting physician to visit Bulldog. Nestie brought him forward to the bedside and at last he had courage to look, and it took him all his time to play the man when he saw Bulldog so thin, so quiet, so gentle, with his face almost as white as the pillow, and his hands upon the bedclothes wasted like to the hands of a skeleton.

The master smiled faintly, and seemed to be glad to see the worst of all his scholars, but he did not say anything. Doctor Manley kept in the background and allowed the boys to manage their own business, being the wisest of men as well as the kindliest. Although Nestie made signs to Spiug and gave him every encouragement, Peter could not find a word, but stood helpless, biting his lip and looking the very picture of abject misery.

"Peter has come, sir," said Nestie, "to ask for you. He is very sorry that you are ill, and so are all the boys. Peter thought you might be wearying to—to use the c–cane, and Peter is wearying, too. Just a little one, Bully, to p–please Sparrow," and Nestie laid an old cane he had hunted up, a cane retired from service, upon the bed within reach of Bulldog's hand.

A twinkle of amusement came into the master's eye, the first expression of interest he had shown during his illness. He turned his head and looked at Peter, the figure of chastened mischief. The remembrance of the past—the mathematical classroom, the blackboard with its figures, the tricks of the boys, the scratching of the pens, came up to him, and his soul was stirred within him.

His hand closed again upon the sceptre of authority and Peter laid a grimy paw open upon the bedclothes. The master gave it one little stroke with all the strength he had.

"The fiddlers," he said softly; "the little fiddlers can't do without me, after all."

A tear gathered in his eye and overflowed and rolled down his cheek, and Manley hurried the boys out of the room. They went into the garden and, being joined by the master's dog, the three together played every monkey trick they knew, while upstairs in the sick-room Manley declared that Bulldog had turned the corner and would soon be back again among his "fiddlers."

The doctor insisted upon driving Peter home to his native stable-yard, for this was only proper courtesy to a consulting physician. He called him "Doctor" and "Sir Peter" and such like names all the way, whereat Peter was so abashed that friends seeing him sitting in Manley's phaeton, with such an expression on his face, spread abroad the tale that the doctor was bringing him home with two broken legs as the result of riding a strange horse.

The doctor bade him good-by in the presence of his father, tipping him ten shillings to treat the school on the news of Bulldog's convalescence, and next day stone ginger was flowing like water down the throats of the Seminary.

Stories of Great Musicians

By William Armstrong

EDWARD ALEXANDER MacDOWELL, the composer, is one of whose personality little has been written, largely because of his dislike of publicity. Most of his recent work has been done in a little out-of-the-way corner of New Hampshire. There his home stands, a rambling, picturesque place in the midst of a sea of green.

Of the seventy acres, forty are in forest. An old flower garden runs from the back of the house. His composing is done in a log cabin, built in Swiss style with steep roof, which stands under hemlock trees half a mile from the house.

There he works erratically, sometimes both day and night. In the idle between-times he is always out of doors. It was up under the pine trees of Maine, after many years of study in Germany, that he peopled the place with Indians again and lived out the romance of it, feeling for the first time that he was an American. There is strong trace of this recollection in his suite, founded on Indian themes. It has the strange trills in one movement of it that the Indians make on their wood pipes as they lie all night in the forests.

No sooner does he send any composition to the publisher after a final revision than he begins to upbraid himself that he allowed it to go out of his hands. He feels that it is not up to his standard. MacDowell is utterly free from any air of self-importance and is frankly boyish. One day I took him, at Mrs. MacDowell's urgent suggestion, to have his photograph made. He had rebelled, but the ordeal was upon him before he knew it. In the final preparation, before facing it, he gave his coat a sudden pull that sent from a pocket a rain of small silver all over the place. "You are the worst I ever saw!" I exclaimed, as I helped dive for it, and he went into hilarious laughter. The gloom of the occasion was forgotten, and the photographs were excellent.

Mr. MacDowell was giving a recital one day near a certain great city. The weather was exceedingly warm. In the intermission he went into a room leading off the stage to rest. An old gentleman emerged from the depths of a sofa and asked querulously: "Could you stand that? I couldn't."

"Well, you see," said the composer, whose sense of humor is as quick as his wit, "I couldn't very well get away from it."

Wrote to the Critic that He Had a Voice

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the composer, has no voice, a fact of which he is thoroughly aware; but he has a grim sense of humor. During the Queen's Jubilee a certain newspaper announced: "Among other Doctors of Music without voices, in the choir on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, and as vain as peacocks in their robes, was Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, Director of the Philharmonic and Principal of the Royal Academy." Then followed a list of those vocally assisting, whether nature allowed it or not.

What the others did is not stated. Probably they kept still. But Sir Alexander did not. He wrote very gravely to the critic:

> *"Dear Sir:* You include me in the list of those present on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral on Jubilee Day. I was not present, but let that pass. You say I have no voice, which is more serious. Experts who have heard me sing say that my voice is full, rich, and of unusual compass. I beg that you contradict this report at once, as otherwise my future career will be ruined."

He showed this to me before mailing it. "And perhaps he will think you are in earnest," I said, "and print it."

"Oh, then the joke will be on him," said Sir Alexander cheerfully. And yet people say the Scotch have no sense of humor.

Life of Thomas Told in Old Programs

Theodore Thomas has had a unique career. His is a singularly refined face, remarkably mobile, never the same in expression for many minutes together. His firmness and determination show in his jaw and mouth. The lines about the mouth are hard, at times doggedly cruel. About the upper part of the face there is a great gentleness. His smile is quick and winning. The lines on his face are many and fine, the expression in repose one of serenity.

He told me once of the program books that he had kept throughout his career, as the only record he had of it, and that he desired them to stand as his biography. They will make a major part of the earlier history of music with us, for every great resident or visiting soloist in this country within many years has appeared with him and the principal among the contemporary composers have been introduced by him. Early in his career he ceased preserving any newspaper comment.

The earliest of the programs is one announcing the appearance as solo drummer of Master Thomas. On that occasion Theodore Thomas made his bow to the American public. Another is a gala performance which took place October 10, 1860, in honor of Lord Renfrew, the incognito chosen by the Prince of Wales during his visit to this country. The opera selected by the Prince from the list submitted to him for performance was Martha, with Mlle. Patti as Lady Henrietta, the first time her name appears in Mr. Thomas's programs. The first American opera was given in Philadelphia, under Mr. Thomas's direction, in aid of the hospital service during the Civil War. It was called Notre Dame de Paris and was composed by William Henry Fry, a New York musical critic. The subject of the opera was taken from Victor Hugo's Notre Dame de Paris.

The work, written in four acts, was sung by The American Opera Company, including a chorus, with amateur aid, of one hundred, an orchestra and military band of ninety-five, and a ballet and auxiliary corps of one hundred and fifty performers, with new scenery, painted from photographs of buildings in Paris, and costumes, arms and other appointments of the most elaborate description.

Mr. Max Heinrichs, who had sung as soloist on a Western tour, told a story of the old days of concert giving across the plains. As the train neared a little station where dinner was to be served a dozen cowboys came galloping up.

"We want some music!" they shouted. "We've ridden all night to get here, and now we want it."

Cowboys Get Music at the Pistol Point

Mr. Thomas acted as though he did not hear them, but the request was repeated in such a manner that he had to. The least docile soloist in his experience had had no terrors for Mr. Thomas, but this was the first time that he had met cowboys. He asked a member of his orchestra for a violin, and, standing on the platform under a cloudless sky flooded with sunshine, with the yellow desert and the gray sage bush stretching for miles to the horizon, he began Money Musk.

Before he had played ten bars a pistol was thrust under his nose. "We don't want any of your blamed playing; we want singing." And Miss Emma Juch had to put her head out of the window and sing The Last Rose of Summer.

Mr. Thomas once in conversation regretted the inability of a man to do more than one thing well in the world. "All my life," he added, "I have been unable to read as I should wish, and even now at this age I cannot come to it, for I am always busy in another direction." Yet the books in his library seem very familiar to him. In referring to some authority he will turn to the book and the page without a moment's hesitation.

The many scores in his library are marked and re-marked with bowings in his own hand, sometimes so often that a new score for further use has been rendered necessary. There is none of the posing about him that orchestral conductors so frequently arrogate to themselves. He is too great a musician not to be able to be honest. In speaking of a new work that he is studying he frankly says: "I can never tell what a work sounds like until I try it over with the orchestra. Of course I get the outline in reading it, but I do not know what it really is until I hear it."

In rehearsing he is severe, but when things go particularly well he is as genial as the spring. Then he will turn to the auditorium and make speeches in German to imaginary "Ladies and Gentlemen," telling them "how well we have done things."

Upon one occasion in his earlier career an orchestra, after the fashion of orchestras, was mildly asserting its own superior musical knowledge over that of the world at large and the conductor in particular, when Mr. Thomas rapped to stop playing, in the midst of a fortissimo passage, and called: "The second violin on desk fourteen played e instead of e flat." After that peace and respect grew as twin sisters.

Many recollections of the touring days of Mr. Thomas repose in the mind of MacNichol, who has placed the orchestra parts on the many desks unerringly for a round term of years.

During a tour in the West a concert was placed at a certain town for the Fourth of July. The population had emigrated to a barbecue and only twenty-four people were in the hall. Of these, one fell into a doze and tumbled out of a second-story window before the close of the program.

The autograph collector was a constancy. One warm afternoon, after a trying rehearsal, a knock came at Mr. Thomas's door and a small head appeared—then a hand that held a card. The mission needed no explanation. "Don't you know——" began Mr. Thomas severely. Then he caught sight of the card. It contained as decoration a brilliant picture of a small child drawing a cart with a doll tumbling out of it. "Is that picture intended for me?" he asked, and burst out laughing, writing his name then and there.

Editor's Note—As a newspaper man and musical critic Mr. Armstrong has met most of the famous musicians of the present day and has had unusual opportunities for knowing them intimately. This is the concluding number of a series of anecdotal sketches from his pen.

Elson's Experience with Printers

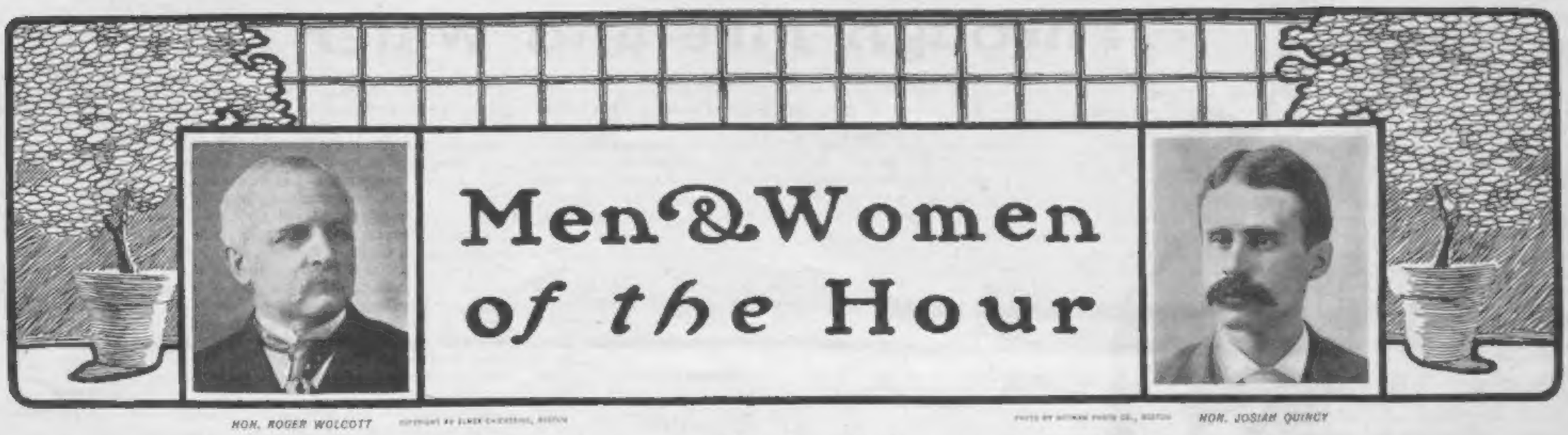
"PROBABLY no department in the newspaper of to-day suffers so much from the errors of the compositor as the column of musical criticism."

This is the opinion of Louis C. Elson, the Boston musical critic and author, who should be exempt from this sort of trouble if legible handwriting counted at all. The printers in the newspaper office where Mr. Elson served his apprenticeship were particularly gross offenders. Here are a few statements which the proofreader caused him to make.

He called Mr. Bjorksten "a new tenor," but the paper made him "a new *terror*." There was an instrument which the proofreader would never learn to spell correctly and that was the oboe; whenever that instrument was played Mr. Elson was quite ready to see it stated that "Mr. Sautet performed a fine solo on the *shoe*."

The most historic mistake of the types in a musical matter occurred some time ago in New York, where a very famous pianist volunteered for a charitable entertainment. They called him "the well-known pianist," but the program had it "the *milk-man* pianist," and copies of the journal were afterward in request at as high as a dollar apiece.

"The worst misprint that ever befell me personally," says Mr. Elson, "was once when I grew too eloquent about Haydn and spoke of him as standing 'between the contrapuntal giants and modern colorists.' In the printed edition I was made to state that 'Haydn stood between the contrapuntal *grunts* and the modern *colonists*,' and I have never tried to be eloquent since."



HON. ROGER WOLCOTT

HON. JOSIAH QUINCY

A Dip in an Archiepiscopal Sea

A story is told of Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, regarding an incident that took place while they were enjoying a day at the seashore together during a recent heated spell. They had run down to Atlantic City, and on arriving made themselves known to none, but went to a bathing-house incog.

Clad in the shapeless bathing suits that are furnished hapless strangers, they soon issued forth, with a shapeless straw hat tied tightly down upon the head of each.

It is needless to say that they did not look as dignified as is their wont when they officiate at some high service, but their enjoyment of the situation was not a whit the less on that account.

By an odd chance the string of the Cardinal's hat was red, and the Archbishop chuckled at the aptness of it.

"Any one can see you are a Cardinal!" he said.

"And any one can tell you are an Archbishop, because here you are bathing in an archiepiscopal see!" retorted the Cardinal, finishing the sentence in a splutter, for at that moment a big breaker caught him full in the face.

But not an observer took them for either Cardinal or Archbishop. In spite of their shapeless costumes, however, there was something *distingué* in the appearance of the two men—something in their faces or manner—that marked them as being persons of standing, and so it happened that some of those in the throng that huddled along the beach gazed at them with mild curiosity.

One homelike countrywoman, evidently on her first seashore visit, was especially interested in watching the two men, who were enjoying themselves with constantly increasing gayety.

And at length the dignitaries heard her say critically to her husband, in what she thought a safe aside:

"Well, the old man, *he* looks kinder thin and peaked, but the old woman—seems to me *she's* quite hearty and strong!"

Governor Roosevelt's Literary Diet

It is reported that Senator Hanna, of Ohio, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, was quite shocked recently when he heard that Governor Roosevelt, of New York, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, had been occupying his leisure moments, while journeying from New York to Oklahoma and back to New York, in reading a new life of Charlemagne, Plutarch's Lives, a volume of Swinburne's poems and a new novel—title not known.

It is added that Senator Hanna was so much troubled by this apparent waste, by the candidate for Vice-President, of time that should be devoted, as he thought, to the study of political campaign literature, that he at once forwarded to Governor Roosevelt a new volume of President McKinley's speeches and messages to Congress—thus quietly hinting to Governor Roosevelt that it would be well to get upon the main line of political thought in the United States this year.

If Senator Hanna succeeds in his plot to keep Theodore Roosevelt closely confined to political literature he will be lucky, for the Governor of New York has a thirst for variety in his reading which must be appeased, no matter what is occurring. He is as resolute in his determination to read some books of interest every day as he is to get his sleep and his daily vigorous walk.

This trait was clearly shown during the struggle for the Governorship of New York in 1898. Colonel Roosevelt had just returned from Cuba and might be supposed to be a greatly fatigued man, yet he traveled thousands of miles, all over the State of New York, making speeches from the rear platforms of railway trains and in halls.

In the brief intervals between stations where he was to speak he might have been expected to rest both mind and body. But although the body might rest, the mind did not. One always found Colonel Roosevelt deep in a book, and it was always some volume that could take his thoughts far away from the scenes of political excitement.

The titles of the volumes he perused while thus journeying on this political tour will show the remoteness of his literary interests from his political ones, for some of them were Mahaffy's Greek Life and Thought, Marbot's Memoirs (in French), Polybius's History, and Sienkiewica's With Fire and Sword and The Deluge.

Governor Roosevelt occasionally, however, gives close attention to literary matters that have an intimate relation to political affairs. In the fall of 1899 he delivered a series of speeches at rural fairs in New York State. One day he made speeches at a country fair and at a big city banquet. He was so busy that he had no time to glance at any of his beloved pages of literature, and it was after midnight when his train started for a distant city. Theodore Roosevelt could not get to sleep until he had read something of moment. And so the Governor of New York read, until nearly two o'clock in the morning, a magazine article of importance upon trusts.

From the Lips of Bernhardt

Sarah Bernhardt recently had an amusing experience at a little way station in Switzerland. She had been spending a few days at a mountain village and had come down by stage to meet the train that would take her back to Paris.

She thought she was unknown, and so stood there carelessly, and then, like any ordinary woman (so far as Bernhardt, with her superb bearing, could look like an ordinary woman), began to pace up and down the platform.

She held in her hands a paper bag, full of dates, and, regardless of possible observation, began to eat the fruit. As she ate the dates she shot out the stones between her teeth with amusing *abandon*.

Down another road to the station came a party of a dozen students. Out of the corner of her eye, as she passed them, Bernhardt saw one of them stoop and pounce on something as on a prize.

It was a date-stone! She was recognized, and he had secured a memento!

Another stone from between her teeth—and, half turning as she again passed on her short promenade, she saw another pounce and another seizure.

Outwardly unconcerned but inwardly amused and pleased, Bernhardt kept on walking and eating and scattering date-pips—and the students gravely continued to pick them up. The other people who were waiting looked on at the queer scene in amazement.

The train pulled in. The students doffed their caps and stood in a semi-circle as the great actress mounted the platform.

"Bravo, Bernhardt!" they shouted; and she turned and smiled.

"Gems from the lips of Bernhardt!" cried one, waving the hand that held his date-stone; and Bernhardt joined heartily in the storm of laughter that followed.

Overawed the Egyptians

The selection of Mr. Roger Wolcott to be United States Ambassador to Italy is generally considered to be an ideal appointment. Mr. Wolcott—or Governor Wolcott, as they still call him in Massachusetts—possesses all of the qualifications for official residence at a foreign court. In the first place he is a man of great wealth and is in a position to maintain the national dignity without any very distressing thought of what it will cost. In addition he is a lawyer and a man well versed in the technique of affairs and public life. Although it is a great many years since he has practiced his chosen profession, he has had the care of a number of large estates, as trustee or executor, and has served in various official capacities, ranging from that of common councilman in the city of Boston to Governor of the Commonwealth.

Governor Wolcott not only comes from one of the oldest families in the East but he also has the reputation of being one of the handsomest men in New England. In manner he is no less pleasing than in appearance, and he has all the dignity and polish which are so indispensable to a successful diplomatic career.

Governor Wolcott likes to tell how one of his children took advantage of his official position during a visit to the World's Fair. Mr. Wolcott's family did not go to Chicago until a few days before the Fair was to close.

Already many of the attractions had shut their doors, and the young people of the family were especially disappointed at being obliged to miss the side-shows of the Midway.

As it happened, one afternoon, the party arrived at the streets of Cairo twenty-four hours after the place had been closed. One of Mr. Wolcott's sons, who was not willing to be balked, obtained one of his father's visiting cards, held parley with the Egyptians, and explained that he was the son of the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts and wanted to see the show.

Now, Egyptians are almost as fond of titles as they are of bakshish, so in the twinkling of an eye their Excellencies, the Wolcotts, were being shown the sights with all the state to which distinguished visitors are entitled.

Ex-Mayor Quincy, Inventor

Josiah Quincy, formerly First Assistant Secretary of State, ex-Mayor of Boston, and the son and grandson of former Mayors of Boston, is known East and West as an astute politician. Josiah Quincy, the inventor, mechanic, perfecter of other men's ideas, is practically unknown save to the few who labor with him in his stuffy little rooms in Sudbury Street. But, unless the judgment of practical men is at fault, Quincy, the politician, will soon be lost sight of in Quincy, the inventor of a wonderful spinning-ring.

Josiah Quincy's "mechanical streak" developed early in life, but has, up to recent years, been kept in the background. It is said of him that when at Harvard his studies did not prevent him from spending many hours in mechanical pursuits. He was elected an editor of the Crimson, the college newspaper, but instead of contributing freely to its columns he spent much time in the composition and press rooms, to the great improvement of the plant.

Later, while he was a teacher at the Adams Academy, at Quincy, Massachusetts, the future mayor and political leader would don his apron as soon as books were laid away, and pursue his investigations in mechanics.

But it was before that time—about 1890, in fact—that he first became prominent in connection with an invention to which, though not his own, he gave considerable study. This was the "unicycle," and his faith in it nearly cost him his life.

At that time Mr. Quincy was looked upon more as a promoter than a worker, with ideas that were being freely given to the final perfection of the machine. A Frenchman had conceived the idea and had made a model, which, according to all his calculations, ought to work. Soon after he brought it to Boston from Worcester, Josiah Quincy had seen it, discovered some of its weak points, recognized its strong ones, and had made suggestions that the inventor at once prepared to adopt.

It is said that Mr. Quincy's decision to ride the unicycle was brought to a head by the derisive remark of an unbeliever that "he dared not risk his neck on the thing." Be that as it may, one bright morning saw Mr. Quincy at Worcester prepared to make the attempt. He had conquered the bicycle, but this was another thing. Assisted by the Frenchman, he mounted the seat, and after receiving explicit directions as to the brake and steering apparatus, was given a gentle push and the trip began. Just what failed—the brake, the steering gear, or the nerves of Mr. Quincy—has never been fully understood. But the large wheel got the better of its rider on a down grade, and a spill, disastrous to the machine and painful to Mr. Quincy, was the result.

It is said that certain politicians who were anxious to get Mr. Quincy's ear during the closing months of his mayoralty once tried a little ruse to accomplish their object. Mayor Quincy had, all day long, denied himself to callers; was extremely busy with his official work. How could the eager ones outside get at him? A bright thought entered the head of one of the Aldermen, and the plan was at once put into execution. Within half an hour a rather seedily dressed man, carrying under his arm a portfolio from the ends of which portions of plans and blue prints protruded, presented himself to the Mayor's private secretary and handed him a card which bore the words:

JOHN SMITH,
Mechanical Engineer

"He's too busy to see any one to-day," answered the secretary.

"Just show him that card and I will abide by his decision," said the bogus mechanical engineer.

Under protest the secretary did as requested, and to his surprise was told to "show him in."

What followed was the hasty reappearance of "John Smith" with an injured expression on his face for the benefit of the private secretary, which changed to a broad grin when "Smith" joined his fellow-conspirators in the Council chamber.

"It's no go," he said. "When I began to talk politics the Mayor said 'get,' and I got."

It was a remark made one day by his French friend during a visit to the City Hall that stirred Josiah Quincy to renew his endeavors in the matter of perfecting the spinning-ring. "If we can only get something that will run on air, that is where we'll do away with friction," was the remark referred to.

Success is pretty sure to follow persistent, intelligent application, and success at last came to the workers in the little den. The scoffed-at "air bearing" is an accomplished fact. But if the spinning-ring fails there are still left the self-locking door knob and the improved typewriter.

Through Fire and Water

By Frank T. Bullen

WHAT a clumsy, barrel-bellied old booker it is, Field."

Thus, closing his telescope with a bang, the elegant chief officer of the Mirzapore, steel four-masted clipper ship, of 5000 tons burden, presently devouring the degrees of longitude that lay between her and Melbourne on the arc of a composite great circle at the rate of some three hundred and sixty miles per day. As he spoke he cast his eyes proudly aloft at the splendid spread of square sail that towered upward to a height of nearly two hundred feet. Twenty-eight squares of straining canvas, from the courses stretched along yards one hundred feet or so in length, to the far-away skysails of thirty-five feet head, that might easily be handled by a pair of boys.

Truly she made a gallant show. The graceful ship, in spite of her enormous size, was so perfectly modeled on yachtlike lines that, overshadowed as she was by the mighty pyramid of sail, the eye refused to convey a due sense of her great capacity. And the way in which she answered the challenge of the west wind, leaping lightsomely over the league-long ridges of true-rolling sea, heightened the illusion by destroying all appearance of burden-bearing or cumbrousness. But the vessel which had given rise to Mr. Curzon's contemptuous remark was in truth the very antipodes of the Mirzapore. There was scarcely any difference noticeable, so far as the contour of the hull went, between her bow and stern. Only at the bow a complicated structure of massive timbers leaned far forward of the hull, and was terminated by a huge "fiddle-head." This ornament was carved out of a great balk of timber, and in its general outlines it bore some faint resemblance to a human form, its broad breast lined out with rude carving into some device long ago made illegible by the weather; and at its summit, instead of a human head, there was a piece of scroll-work resembling the top of a fiddle-neck, which gave the whole thing its distinctive name.

The top-hamper of this stubby craft was quite in keeping with her hull. It had none of that rakish, carefully aligned set so characteristic of clipper ships. The three masts, looking as if they were so huddled together that no room was left to swing the yards, had as many kinks in them as a blackthorn stick; and their general trend, in defiance of modern nautical ideas, was forward instead of aft. The bowsprit and jibboom looked as if purposely designed by their upward sheer to make her appear shorter than she really was, and also to place her as a connecting link between the long-vanished galleasses of Elizabethan days and the snaky ships of the end of the nineteenth century. In one respect, however, she had the advantage of her graceful neighbor. Her sails were of dazzling whiteness, and when, reflecting the rays of the sun, they glistened against the deep-blue sky, the effect was so fairylike as to make the beholder forget for a moment the ungainliness of the old hull beneath.

The wind now dropped, in one of its wayward moods, until the rapid rush past of the Mirzapore faltered almost to a standstill, and the two vessels, scarcely a mile apart, rolled easily on the flowing sea, as if in leisurely contemplation of each other. All the Mirzapore's passengers, one hundred and twenty of them, clustered along the starboard poop-rail, unfeignedly glad of this break in what they considered the long monotony of a sailing passage from London to the Colonies. And these seafarers of fifty-five days, eagerly catching their cues from the officers, discussed, in all the hauteur of amateur criticism, the various shortcomings of the homely old tub abeam. Gradually the two vessels drew nearer, by that mysterious impulse common to idly floating things. As the different details of the old ship's deck became more clearly definable, the chorus of criticism increased, until one sprightly young thing of about forty, who was going out husband-seeking, said, "Oh, *please*, Captain James, won't you tell me what they use a funny ship like that for?"

"Well, Miss Williams," he replied gravely, "yonder vessel is one of the fast-disappearing fleet of Yankee whalers; 'spouters,' as they love to term themselves. As to her use, if I don't mistake, you will soon have an object-lesson in that which will give you something to talk about all the rest of your life."

And, as he spoke, an unusual bustle was noticeable on board the stranger. Four boats dropped from her davits with such rapidity that they seemed to fall into the sea, and as each struck the water it shot away from the side as if it had been a living thing. An involuntary murmur of admiration ran through the crew of the clipper. It was a tribute they could scarcely withhold, knowing as they did the bungling, clumsy way in which merchant seamen perform a like manœuvre. Even the contemptuous Curzon was hushed; and the passengers, interested beyond measure, yet unable to appreciate what they saw, looked blankly at one another and at the officers, as if imploring enlightenment as to the proceeding.

With an easy gliding motion, now resting in the long green hollow between two mighty waves and again poised, birdlike, upon a foaming crest, with bow and stern a-dry, those lovely boats sped away to the southward under the impulse of five oars each. Now the excitement on board the Mirzapore rose to fever heat. The crew, unheeded by the officers, gathered on the forecastle-head and gazed after the departing boats with an intensity of interest far beyond that of the passengers. For it was interest born of intelligent knowledge of the conditions under which those wonderful boatmen were working, and also tempered by a feeling of compunction for the ignorant depreciation they had often manifested of a "greasy spouter."

Presently the boats disappeared from ordinary vision, although some of the more adventurous passengers mounted the rigging, and, fixing themselves in secure positions, glued their eyes to their glasses trained upon the vanishing boats. But none of them saw the object of those eager oarsmen. Of course, the sailors knew that they were after whales; but not even a seaman's eye, unless he be long accustomed to watching for whales, possesses the necessary discernment for picking up a vapory spout five or six miles away, as it lifts and exhales like a jet of steam against the broken blue surface. Neither could any comprehend the original signals made by the ship. Just a trifling manipulation of an upper sail, the dipping or hoisting of a dark flag at the mainmast head, or the disappearance of another at the gaff-end, sufficed to guide the hunters in their chase, giving them the advantage of that lofty eye far behind them.

More than an hour passed thus tantalizingly on board the Mirzapore, and even the most eager watchers had tired of their fruitless gazing over the sea and at the sphinxlike old ship so near them. Then some one suddenly raised a shout, "Here they come!" It was true. They were coming—"a-zoomin'," as Uncle Remus would say. It was a sight to fire the most sluggish blood. About five hundred yards apart two massive bodies occasionally broke up the bright surface into a welter of white, then disappeared for two or three minutes, to reappear at the same furious rush. Behind each of them, spreading out about twenty fathoms apart, came two of the boats, leaping like dolphins from crest to crest of the big waves, and occasionally hidden altogether by a curtain of spray. Thus they passed the Mirzapore, their gigantic steeds in full view of that awe-stricken ship's company, privileged for once in their lives to see at close quarters one of the most heart-lifting sights under heaven—the Yankee whale-fisher at hand-grips with the mightiest, as well as one of the fiercest, of all created things. No one spoke as that great chase swept by; but every face told eloquently of the pent-up emotion within.

Then a strange thing happened. The two whales, as they passed the Mirzapore, swerved each from his direct course until they met in full career, and in a moment were rolling each over each in a horrible entanglement of whale-line amid a smother of bloody foam. The buoyant craft danced around, one strong figure erect in each bow, poising a long, slender lance, while in the stern of each boat stood another man, who manipulated a giant oar, as if it had been a feather, to swing his craft around as occasion served. The lookers-on scarcely breathed. Was it possible that men, just homely, unkempt figures like these, could dare thrust themselves into such a vortex, amongst those wallowing, maddened Titans? Indeed it was. The boats drew nearer, became involved, lances flew, oars bent, and blood—torrents of blood—befouled the glorious azure of the waves. Suddenly the watchers gasped in terror, and little cries of pain and sympathy escaped them. A boat had disappeared. Specks floated, just visible in the tumult—fragments of oars, tubs and heads of men. But there was no sound, which made the scene all the more impressive.

Still the fight went on, while the spectators forgot all else—the time, the place; all senses merged in wonder at the deeds of these their fellow-men, just following in the ordinary way their vocation.

And the thought would come that, but for an accident, this drama being enacted before their eyes would have had no audience but the screaming sea-birds hovering expectantly in the unheeding blue.

The conflict ceased. The distained waters became placid, and upon them floated quietly two vast corpses, but recently so terrible in their potentialities of destruction. By their sides lay the surviving boats—two of them, that is; the third was busy picking up the wrecked hunters. And the old ship, with an easy adapting of her needs to the light air that hardly made itself felt, was gradually approaching the scene.

The passengers implored Captain James to lower a boat and allow them a nearer view of those recently rushing monsters, and he, very unwillingly, granted the request. So slow was the operation that by the time the port lifeboat was in the water the whaler was alongside of her prizes, and all her crew were toiling slavishly to free them from the entanglement of whale-line in which they had involved themselves. But when the passengers saw how the lifeboat tumbled about alongside in the fast-sinking swell, the number of those eager for a nearer view dwindled to half a dozen—and they were repentant of their rashness when they saw how unhandily the sailors manipulated their oars. However, they persisted for very shame's sake, their respect for the "spouters'" prowess and, through them, for their previously despised old ship, growing deeper every moment. They hovered about the old tub as they saw the labor that was necessary to get those two enormous carcasses alongside, nor dared to go on board until the skipper of her, mounting the rail, said cheerily, "Wunt ye kem aboard, sir, 'n' hev a peek roun'?"

Thus cordially invited they went, their wonder increasing until all their conceit was effectually taken out of them, especially when they saw the wonderful handiness and cleanliness of everything on board. The men, too, clothed in nondescript patches, with faces and arms almost blackened by exposure, and wearing an air of detachment from the world of civilized life that was full of pathos—these specially appealed to them, and they wished with all their hearts that they might do something to atone for the injustice done to these unblazoned warriors by their thoughtless, ignorant remarks of so short a time before.

But time pressed, and they felt in the way, besides; so bidding a humble farewell to the grim-looking skipper, who answered the inquiry as to whether they could supply him with anything by a nonchalant, "No, I guess not; we ain't a-ben eout o' port hardly six months yet," they returned on board, having learned a fragment of that valuable lesson continually being taught: that to judge by appearances can never be anything but superficial and dangerous, especially at sea.

Night fell, shutting out from the gaze of those wearied watchers the dumpy outlines of the old whale-ship. Her crew were still toiling, a blazing basket of whale-scrap swinging at a davit and making a lurid smear on the gloomy background of the night. One by one the excited passengers sauntered below, still eagerly discussing the stirring events they had witnessed, and making a thousand fantastic additions to the facts. Gradually the conversation dwindled to a close, and the great ship was left to the watch on deck. Fitful airs rose and fell, sharp little breaths of keen-edged wind that but just lifted the huge sails lazily, and let them slat against the masts again as if in disgust at the inadequacy of cat's-paws. So the night wore on, till the middle watch had been in charge about half an hour. Then, with a vengeful hiss, the treacherous wind burst upon them from the northeast, catching that enormous sail area on the fore side, and defying the efforts of the scanty crew to reduce it. All hands were called, and manfully did they respond. Briton and Finn, German and negro toiled side by side in the almost impossible effort to shorten down, while the huge hull, driven stern foremost, told in unmistakable sea-language of the peril she was in. Hideous was the uproar of snapping running-gear, rending canvas, breaking spars and howling wind; while through it all, like a thread of human agony, ran the wailing minor of the seamen's cries as they strove to do what was required of them.

Slowly, oh, so slowly! the great ship paid off, while the heavier sails boomed out their complaint like an aerial cannonade, when up from the fore-hatch leapt a tongue of quivering flame. Every man who saw it felt a clutch at his heart. For fire at sea is always terrible, beyond the power of mere words to describe; but fire under such conditions was calculated to paralyze the energies of the bravest. There seemed to be an actual hush, as if wind and waves were also aghast at this sudden appearance of a fiercer element than they. Then rang out clear and distinct the voice of Captain James:

"Drop everything else, men, and pass along the hose! Smartly, now! 'Way down from aloft!" He was obeyed, but human nature had something to say about the smartness. Men who have been taxing their energies, as these had done, find that even the spur actuated by fear of imminent death will fail to drive the exhausted body beyond a certain point. Moreover, all of them knew that stowed in the square of the main hatch were fifty tons of gunpowder, which knowledge was of itself sufficient to render flaccid every muscle they possessed. Still, they did what they could, while the stewards went around to prepare the passengers for a hurried departure. All was done quietly. In truth, although the storm was now raging overhead, and the sails were being rent with infernal clamor from the yards, a sense of the far greater danger beneath their feet made the weather but a secondary consideration.

Then out of a cowering group of passengers came a feeble voice. It belonged to the lady querist of the afternoon, and it said:

"Oh, if those brave sailors from that wonderful old ship were only near, we might be saved."

Simple words, yet they sent a thrill of returning hope through those trembling hearts. Poor souls! None of them

knew how far the ships might have drifted apart in that wild night, nor thought of the drag upon that old ship by those two tremendous bodies alongside of her. So every eye was strained into the surrounding blackness, as if they could pierce its impenetrable veil and bring back some answering ray of hope. The same idea, of succor from the old whale ship, had occurred to the Captain, and presently the waiting cluster of men and women saw with hungry eyes a bright trail of fire soaring upward as a rocket was discharged. Another and another followed, but without response. The darkness around was like that of the tomb. Another signal, however, now made itself manifest, and a much more effective one. Defying all the puny efforts made to subdue it, the fire in the fore-hatch burst upward with a roar, shedding a crimson glare over the whole surrounding sea, and was wafted away to leeward in a glowing trail of sparks.

"All hands lay aft!" roared the Captain, and, as they came, he shouted again, "Clear away the boats!"

Then might be seen the effect of that awful neglect of boats so common to merchant ships. Davits rusted in their sockets, falls so swollen as hardly to render over the sheaves, gear missing, water-breakers leaky—all the various disastrous consequences that have given sea tragedies their grim completeness. But while the almost worn-out crew worked with the energy of despair, there arose from the darkness without the cheery hail of "Ship ahoy!"

Could any one give an idea in cold print of the revulsion of feeling wrought by those two simple words? For one intense moment there was silence. Then from every throat came the joyful response, a note like the breaking of a mighty string overstrained by an outburst of praise.

Naturally, the crew first recovered their balance from the stupefaction of sudden relief, and with coils of rope in their hands they thronged the side, peering out into the dark for a glimpse of their deliverers.

"Hurrah!" And the boatswain hurled the main brace far outboard at some dim object. A few seconds later there arrived on board a grim figure, quaint of speech as an Elizabethan Englishman, perfectly cool and laconic, as if the service he had come to render was in the nature of a polite morning call.

"Guess you've consid'ble of a muss put up hyar, gents all," said he; and, after a brief pause, "don't know ez we've enny gre't amount er spare time on han', so ef yew've naw thin' else very pressin' t' tend ter, we mou't 's well see 'bout transshipment, don't ye think?"

He had been addressing no one in particular; but the Captain answered him: "You are right, sir, and thank you with all our hearts! Men! See the ladies and children overside."

No one seemed to require telling that this angel of deliverance had arrived from the whale-ship; any other avenue of escape was, beyond all imagination, out of the question. Swiftly yet carefully the helpless ones were handed overside with a gentleness most sweet to see, those piratical-looking exiles bestowed them in the boat. As soon as one was safely laden, another moved up out of the murk behind and took her place. And it was done so calmly. No roaring, agitation or confusion as the glorious work proceeded. It was the very acme of good boatmanship. The light grew apace, and, upon the tall tongues of flame, in all gorgeous hues, that now cleft the night, huge masses of yellow smoke rolled far to leeward, making up a truly infernal picture.

Meanwhile, at the earliest opportunity, Captain James had called the first comer (chief mate of the whaler) apart and quietly informed him of the true state of affairs. The "down-Easter" received this appalling news with the same taciturnity that he had already manifested, merely remarking as he shifted his quid into a more comfortable position, "Wall, Cap'n, ef she lets go 'fore we've all got clear, some ov us 'll take th' short cut t' glory, anyhaow." But for all his apparent nonchalance he had kept a wary eye upon the work a-doing, to see that no moment was wasted.

And so it came to pass that the last of the crew gained the boats and there remained on board the Mirzapore but Captain James and his American deliverer. According to immemorial precedent, the Englishman expressed his intention of being last on board. And, upon his inviting his friend to get into the waiting boat, straining at her painter astern, the latter said, "Sir! I 'low no dog-goned matter ov etiquette kin spile my work, 'n' I must say t' I don' quite like th' idee ov leavin' yew behine, so ef yew'll excuse me——" And with a movement sudden and lithe as a leopard's he seized the astonished Captain and dropped him over the taffrail into the boat as she rose upon a sea-crest. Before the indignant Englishman had quite realized what had befallen him, his assailant was standing by his side, manipulating the steer-oar and shouting, "Naow then, m' sons, pull two, starn three; so, altogether!"

And those silent men did indeed "give way." The long supple blades of their oars flashed crimson in the awful glare behind, as the heavily laden but still buoyant craft climbed the watery hills or plunged into the hissing valleys. Suddenly there was one deep voice that rent the heavens. The whole expanse of the sky was lit up by crimson flame, in the midst of which hurtled fragments of that once magnificent ship. The sea rose in heaps, so that all the boatmen's skill was needed to keep their craft from being overwhelmed. But they reached the ship—the humble, clumsy old "spouter" that had proved to them a veritable ark of safety in time of their utmost need.

Captain James had barely recovered his outraged dignity when he was met by a quaint figure advancing out of the thickly packed crowd on the whaler's quarter-deck. "I'm Cap'n Fish, at yew're service, sir. We haint over 'n' above spacious in eour 'commodation, but yew're all welcome t' the best we hev'; 'n' I'll try 'n' beat up I'r th' Cape 'n' Ian' ye 's quick 's it kin be did."

The Englishman had hardly voice to reply; but recollecting himself he said: "I'm afraid, Captain Fish, that we shall be sadly in your way for dealing with those whales we saw you secure yesterday."

"Not much yew wunt," was the unexpected reply. "We hed t' make eour ch'ice mighty sudden between them fish 'n yew, 'n' of course, though we're nowavs extravagant, they hed t' go." The simple nobility of that homely man, in thus for self and crew passing over the loss of from eight to ten thousand dollars at the first call from his kind, was almost too much for Captain James, who answered unsteadily: "If I have any voice in the matter there will be no possibility of the men who dared the terrors of fire and sea to save me and my charges being heavily fined for their humanity."

Oh, *thet's* all right," said Captain Silas Fish.

Wars of the Centuries' Dawn

By Robert Shackleton

THAT the close of this century is darkened by war clouds need not seem surprising when it is considered that this has been the case with the close of almost every century of the Christian Era. For nineteen hundred years the going out of one century and the coming in of another have, with but few exceptions, been marked by wars. And in these wars the most civilized nations of the time have been engaged.

The beginning of the Christian Era was marked by the wars of the Romans and the Germans, and by the fearful destruction of the legions of Varus. With the dawn of the next century the Mistress of the World was warring with Dacia—with the next she was endeavoring to subjugate Britain—with the next she was turning her arms against Persia. With the opening of the fifth century Alaric and his hordes were sweeping over Greece and Italy.

The next century opened with the wars of the mighty Clovis, and then dawned a century that promised peace, for with the coming of the seventh century St. Augustine went as a missionary to England, and there was comparative calm. Another hundred years—and then came the fierce assaults of the Moslems, who swept along Northern Africa, and with fierce valor began their wonderful conquest of Spain.

The ninth century opened brilliantly and presaged a golden age. The magnificent Charlemagne became Emperor, and Haroun-al Raschid, the splendid and generous Calif of Bagdad, poet, conqueror and statesman, was reigning.

The tenth century came, and with it came the ravages of barbarian hordes and the death of Alfred the Great. With the coming of the eleventh century the downtrodden peasants of Normandy arose in a strange revolt, and in England there were fierce struggles with the Normans and Danes. The opening of the twelfth century was overshadowed by a great massacre. Jerusalem was captured. Within the next few years came enormous losses of life in crusades. The next century showed no change, for other crusades and awful losses of life marked its opening, and there was also the tremendous happening of the capture and pillage of Constantinople. Still another century-post, and the storm of war is on again in fury. Wallace and Bruce are fighting with England. Christendom is at war with Mohammedanism.

Still another century passes and there is almost the same view. Fearful losses of Christians in battle with Sultan Bajazet—the overrunning of India by the ferocious Tamerlane—the invasion of Scotland by another English King. One more century, and with its close the Moslems are driven from Spain, and in England comes the hopeless uprising led by Perkin Warbeck. But the mind of the world is, for a time, more bent on discoveries in America than on war. Still, the century was young when, within a year of each other, Flodden was fought and Utopia was written. A strange contrast indeed!

With the beginning of the seventeenth century came the promulgation of the Edict of Nantes, the giving to the world of Shakespeare's plays and the founding of Jamestown. It might well seem that, after so many disappointments, the Golden Age had at length actually come. But it was not to be. The opening of the eighteenth century witnessed Charles XII turning his wonderful military skill against all of Eastern Europe, while Western Europe seemed only waiting for the century mark to be reached before it plunged into the terrific struggle marked by such grim names as Blenheim and Malplaquet. Such a peaceful event as the founding of Yale College, in 1701, seemed of little moment.

Before the opening of the nineteenth century everything seemed prepared for a world's philosophical peace. Rousseau and Voltaire spoke for the triumph of thought. There was to be a reign of common sense and philosophy. But all this vanished, and once more was Europe devastated. The incoming of the new century was marked by such names as Hohenlinden and Austerlitz and Trafalgar.

But before the next century came there was surely to be no more war, neither was nation to lift up sword against nation. During the nineteenth century peace has had its stupendous victories such as the entire history of the world has never before shown. The progress of inventions, science and trade, and the spread of education have been miraculous. Arbitration has been resorted to for the settlement of national quarrels and in future it was to settle them all. Great Britain and the United States, as the two foremost and most civilized powers, were to see to it that there should be no more war.

But the fatal century-post was being neared. Suddenly we found ourselves at war with Spain. Then followed the drawn out agony of the Philippines, where hosts of savages are still being slain and where our own troops are being steadily decimated. And still the end is not in sight. Great Britain suddenly flung an enormous army into Africa with the avowed intention of conquering, no matter at what cost.

Now the East and the West [illegible] other in China. Already there has been bloodshed, and so strained is the situation, and so bitter are the feelings aroused, that, in spite of all efforts, the sun of the twentieth century may rise on a great war of mutual extermination and cruelty.

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The Talking Fauna of the Future

WITH the everlasting hills proclaiming the merits of liver pills and the eternal rocks testifying to the peculiar curative properties of sarsaparilla; with the baseball score and the greatest circulation on earth flashing across the midnight skies; with Jeffries and President McKinley and Doctor Curem chasing each other in glowing colors across the canvas at the street corner, it would seem as if there were no worlds left for the patent medicine man to conquer. On sea and land, in city and country, wherever the eye rests, there is his sign.

But all that is only the beginning. In the past the appeal has been to the eye; in the future it may be to the ear as well. Some ingenious gentlemen have been fooling with the phonograph until they have discovered that its cylinders, when duplicated in a certain composite, will stand the wear of time and the tear of use; that concealed in toys or lay figures and regulated by mechanism they may be made to repeat over and over again, at longer or shorter intervals, the words or phrases with which they have been charged or impressed.

The possibilities of this invention, finally perfected and intrusted to the fiendish ingenuity of the times, are more alarming than the complications in China. Think of walking along the street and being entreated by the wooden Indian at the corner to "Step inside and try our five-cent clear Havana"; of having a dozen soft voiced brands of canned soup in the grocery aisle of the department store pleading with you to "Step up and try a sample plate"; or of being sternly commanded by a pompous hair-brush in the silverware department to "Keep your hands off." Should you fly to the country for a day's respite from that insistent Voice, each sign post on the road would call after you, "It's just four miles to Sample's Cash Emporium; cheapest store in the world." Should you seek the recesses of the woods at dawn, mechanical birds, cunningly disposed among the branches, would chirp out cheerily, "Good morning; do you know that AXXX is the ideal breakfast food?" If at evening, ingeniously constructed rubber frogs would chorus with damnable iteration, "Roots Cure," "Roots Cure," or a solemn tin owl hoot from the hollow oak, "When you stay out late try Bromo-Pusher for that tired feeling."

Another step on the road of progress and the park signs would be rudely ordering you to "Keep off the grass" and forbidding you to pick the flowers; the bell punch as it rang up your fare during the rush hours would hoarsely admonish you to "Step up forward there"; the cash register would politely call attention to the amount of your purchase; and alarm clocks would reinforce the demand of their bells with vociferous cries of "Time to get up." Instances might be multiplied indefinitely; horrible examples piled up. But enough has been said to indicate the magnitude of the impending calamity. Since the passing of the fifteen puzzle there has been no such dire threat against the reason of mankind.

Great Britain is paying out over a million dollars daily for war; the United States is expending a full half million a day; Russia is borrowing money from the world and France is making ready for another loan. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that Japan is pushed forward by the Powers into the front rank and given a share of the fighting and expenses.

The Emperors of the United States

IMPERIALISM is in the hearts and minds of the American people; not in the sense of party platforms; not as a partisan principle or as a partisan indictment; not as a Republican or a Democratic question in any sense, but as something beyond and apart from any question of party politics. The leaven of Imperialism is with us and it has begun to leaven all. Its progress has already been amazing.

In the early days of the troubles with China, when day after day brought news of massacre and disorder, the only question as to the course of the President was as to whether he would or would not practically declare war, whether he would or would not declare a state of hostility to exist, whether he would or would not launch an army against China.

His own partisans praised him for what they deemed his forbearance or his energy. His enemies blamed him for what they deemed his hastiness or his pusillanimity. Neither side thought for a moment that in the beginning of what might be a long-continued and disastrous war it was imperative to convene Congress. Members could have gathered from all parts of the country long before anything definite was learned and before it was necessary to outline a policy.

Here and there the suggestion was made but it was scarcely heeded. It was, in truth, deemed factious. Why should the President not be left alone to do his best for the country? It would be time enough to convene Congress when the President himself should decide that he wanted to do it.

Neither Republicans nor Democrats really questioned the power of the President to act without Congress. Men merely differed as to the policy of foreign expansion. And meanwhile an American army was sent to fight in China.

While some praised what McKinley did, others urged that if Bryan were President he would do differently. He would or he would not send an army against Pekin. He would or he would not declare war. Bryan's friends were no more regardful of Congress than were McKinley's.

And as to the Philippines. McKinley has been praised or blamed for much that has been done. And what have the friends of Bryan said? Many have claimed that if he were elected he would at once withdraw the army from those islands. In other words, he would take it upon himself to cease from the waging of a war on which he found his country embarked. Opponents have sharply criticised him for this supposed position—but they have not questioned his power. Others have insisted that he would keep the army there—but they have not questioned his power.

That the entire country is permeated with such ideas as to the power of the Chief Executive is a sinister fact.

Demagogues cannot enforce Imperialism upon us. A great general cannot enforce an Imperial rule. Foreign Powers cannot put such a form of government over us. It lies with ourselves.

But if we—if the people of the United States—are willing for Imperialism to come it will come. It will in no sense be due to the personality of any chief magistrate. America itself is stronger than any chief magistrate. A chief magistrate in a Republic like this is a creature of the people. No chief magistrate would dare exercise Imperial powers if he did not feel himself backed and encouraged and even urged to do so by a public spirit none the less strong for being expressed in silences rather than in actual declarations. A chief magistrate in a country like this finds himself inevitably following the essential will of the people.

The Constitution of the United States gives to Congress the power to declare war and to provide for the raising and support of armies. It gives to the President, when supported by two-thirds of the Senate, the right to make a treaty.

It gives to the President the right to draw his salary, the duty of heeding and carrying out the will of the people, and the further duty of signing bills, or, under certain restrictions, of vetoing them.

The President is Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy. But that gives him no power to send troops where the nation does not want them sent or to take an army away when the nation wants the troops to remain. Not to him is given any discretion as to the making of war or the making of a treaty of peace. He is, however, given the very important power and duty of convening Congress in case the public necessities demand it.

Republicans and Democrats alike should read and ponder the provisions of the Constitution. To continue to allow this new belief to grow and gain possession of the minds of the people is Imperialism. —ROBERT SHACKLETON.

Money-making, while not the true end of life, is often the real beginning of living.

Inflicting Pain an Extinct Pleasure

IN THE contrasts history furnishes, few things are more striking than the change of attitude as to the infliction of pain. The primitive man found enjoyment in inflicting suffering, or in seeing it incurred. He gave his captive all of it he could inflict on him. His amusements were connected with his enjoyment of it. His practical jokes generally involved it. His only idea of family and social discipline was [illegible] the man who shrinks from it [illegible] man who seeks it [illegible] Except the laugh with which people still greet a fall on the ice, there is hardly any such thing left as enjoyment of other people's pain; and yet this involves the abandonment of a source of enjoyment which must once have given keen pleasure.

Partly, this change is due to a moral advance which forbids us to enjoy it the expense of others' suffering. It is altruism applied to a matter [illegible] little more than abstinence. But probably much is due to the advance in nervous development of the higher races.

The structure and arrangement of the nervous system is one of the tests of the position of any organism in the scale of being. The higher it stands the more closely the nerves are gathered into ganglions of sensitive activity. And this advance from the polyp up to man does not stop when man is reached. The lower human races are markedly inferior in nervous sensitiveness. The Chinese are marked as very near the lowest round of the human scale by their lack of nerves, or their callousness to pain. A student of Chinese characteristics says that a Chinaman can sleep lying across a wheelbarrow, with his mouth open and a bluebottle fly buzzing in his mouth. Also that a Chinese baby will go to sleep in any position you can get it into.

This is the explanation of the cruelty of the tortures and punishments inflicted by Chinese law upon malefactors. The punishments of civilized life would not touch the dull nerves of the Chinaman. He must be cut into slices, or boiled alive, to make him feel it. Unfortunately he is unable to imagine that any one else feels things more acutely than he does, and when men of other races fall into his power and incur his anger, he treats them as if they were Chinamen.

Among civilized peoples the sensitiveness to pain has been carried to an excess which is socially harmful. Society seems to have got into that morbidly nervous condition in which its teeth are set on edge by whatever suggests pain. We are willing to tolerate worse things if only we can escape seeing and suffering pain. We weigh moral wrongs against this physical one, and find them more tolerable.

Many of the arguments against war under any conditions turn on this hypersensitiveness to pain. In view of them we are told that "the most unjust peace is better than the justest war." But there are worse things in the world than the sufferings even of a battlefield. The humiliation and degradation of Christian peoples under Moslem rule are an instance of this.

Would any war equal in its horrors what the millions of European Turkey endured during the four centuries which followed the Turkish conquest? Would not the bloodiest struggle be more than balanced by the rifling of Christian homes of mothers and daughters, the plunder of the tax-gatherer, the public outrages to men and women alike?

ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON

Handsome is as fashion does.

The Balm in Being Poor

THE Pleasures of Hope is not much read in our day, though it was esteemed an important poem in its time. Yet the joys it celebrates are none the less potent than when its author wrote it. Hope, indeed, is a vital factor in the life of every creature. There is no question that the animals share it; and as to men, we use the phrase "hopeless" to apply to any one of them whose outlook on the world is blackened by suffering or despair. It is hope that softens pain, lets light through clouds of grief, shortens the convict's sentence and makes poverty endurable. The keeping before the victim of adverse circumstance a belief in better things enables him to live in that future where there shall be no sorrow and no reverse.

Judged by common social standards most men are poor. The bitterness of poverty is often intensified by viewing the successes and luxuries of the rich. They of the submerged tenth know that some of those best favored by fortune have attained their position without personal worth or personal effort; that they live on the earnings of others; that they lack an education which would enable them to enjoy or use to the full the benefits of money and prestige; hence the poor will often lower themselves deeper into poverty by envy of the rich, forgetting that, after all, life to them, as to others, is in a majority of instances but a matter of feeding and clothing and shelter, and that the great things of life are not things of money. Hence, too, the schemes for upsetting the so-called order of society, for distributing wealth anew, for equalizing all men's access to natural resources; hence the more ruffianly but more radical schemes of the anarchists, who would not reform but destroy, that they might have a clear field for the reorganization of society. But in all devices for the bettering of the race, for the distribution of happiness, the animating principle is hope.

That the joy of hope can be as keen as realization, under that grand law of compensation which Emerson formulated, is conceded to the poor to at least as great an extent as to the rich. The poor have fewer responsibilities than the rich; they have no costly show to maintain; they can apportion their way of life to their income, their behavior can be free and natural; especially they have something to which they can look with expectation, instead of turning their eyes regretfully on past advantages—something to which they can shape their work; something that will lift them ever higher; something that holds in itself the key to all success and greatness: hope.

Poverty is an incentive and a discipline. If most of us were rich and had nothing to work for, the world would be lazy and degenerate, softened with luxury, spoiled by lack of healthful opposition. Any condition that deprives us of hope is a condition of living death; but a poverty that makes us industrious, resolute, hardens our bodies and sharpens our wits is far from unfortunate, for it contains within itself the element of cure, and prime among its happy attributes is that Heaven sent faculty of living in a future that has no offset to its perfectness—the faculty of hope.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

When in doubt, blame the weather.

"Publick Occurrences"

DR G STANLEY HALL

An Army of Twenty Millions

Within a few days nearly twenty million boys and girls will be enrolled in the public and private schools of the United States, forming the greatest army of its kind the world has ever known. About two million of these will be in the private and incorporated institutions, and nearly eighteen million in the public schools. There will be nearly a half million in the city evening schools, the private kindergartens, the Indian and business schools, and others. The private schools always show a larger proportion of increase in good times because the parents then have more money with which to educate their children. But at their best these private schools have only about one-eighth or one-ninth of the total of the public schools. The public school system is therefore our chief educational fact and factor. It is the greatest single institution of the country. Its teachers number nearly one-half a million—about three-fourths are women—and these carry on their work in nearly 300,000 schoolhouses. To pay for all these requires upward of two hundred million dollars a year, and the value of the school property is between five and six hundred millions.

These enormous figures increase every year; increase more rapidly, in fact, than the population itself, for the school expenditure per inhabitant is larger every year, and the teachers' salaries are being raised; rather too slowly, it is true, but surely. In the past twenty years the public school expenditures in this country have increased two and one half times for property and nearly three times for salaries and other expenses. It costs fifty per cent. more to-day to educate an American boy or girl than it did twenty years ago, but the quality of education is fully one hundred per cent. improved. No one objects to spending money on the schools, provided it is used by men who know what they are doing

One good result that has been achieved, too, has been the lengthening of the school term, and this must go on until the schools in the rural districts are kept open at least nine of the twelve months. At present, with all the improvements, some of them are open only three or four months

Among the progressive educators the idea is general that the school term should be shortened during the day and spread over as much of the year as possible. The average child in a long vacation forgets a great deal

To Compel Children to Attend School

In twenty-nine States and two Territories of the United States and in all the civilized countries of the world, with few exceptions, there are compulsory school laws. This country differs from the rest of the world in that it exacts a longer period for school attendance. The penalties for parents and guardians offer interesting contrasts. In Europe the fines are small, and those laws which inflict imprisonment generally confine it to a few days. In this country the fines are larger and the terms of possible imprisonment are longer. The Pennsylvania law is one of the mildest For the first offense the maximum fine is $2, and upon each subsequent offense the maximum fine is $5. Nevada is the most stringent. For the first offense the fine is from $50 to $100, and for each subsequent offense from $100 to $200 New York has a maximum fine of $5 for the first offense, and a maximum of $50 for each subsequent offense, or imprisonment at the longest for thirty days. Connecticut has a different sort of law. It puts a fine on each week's neglect, the rate per week being a maximum of $5. In Indiana the parent or guardian may be imprisoned as long as ninety days. Ohio has a system of fines ranging from $5 to $20.

These penalties may sound harsh, but very rarely have they been imposed, although tens of thousands of children stay away from school.

Looking Out for Little Truants

An educated population means a safe country. So the problem is more than to provide facilities for education; it is to compel every new generation to study. The compulsory statutes did little good because they were not enforced, but that is easily explained. The sentiment of those whom they were intended to reach defeated them. But gradually better things have come and the lagging schoolboy has had to quicken his pace. Take Chicago, for instance. Illinois has had a compulsory school law for a number of years, but until a year ago it was much of a farce, especially in Chicago. The city was then thoroughly organized, truant officers were detailed for their work and many homes were visited. The consequence was that since September of last year 16,791 children were placed in the schools; 31,593 cases of non-attendance were investigated, and 692 children who could not attend school for lack of shoes and clothing were relieved. The law was not pushed except in flagrant instances, of which there were thirty-five, all of which were won by the department. The results were augmented by the establishment of schools in the big stores and elsewhere that wage-earning children might receive instruction each day. Nor did the work stop here. A 'bus line was established for hauling crippled children to school, and altogether these labors offered one of the best illustrations of the value of a compulsory law which this country has yet known

Schools Cheaper Than Penitentiaries

In Philadelphia the law of compulsory attendance has been in operation for a little over two years, and under the superintendence of Dr Edward Brooks, who is at the head of the public school system of the city, it has been developed in several interesting ways. Doctor Brooks has devoted his life to educational work, and his dictum is, "Schools are cheaper than penitentiaries, and we need special schools that bar the way to the penitentiaries." Under him the law has achieved these results: Thousands of children have been taken off the streets and placed in schools. Two special schools have been established for backward and diffident children; two classes of the school children of the city have been taken, and the public sentiment which was so hostile to the law has been won to its favor. The city was divided into thirty attendance districts with one officer assigned to each district, and nearly 35,000 visits were made to homes and to employers

It was in the establishment of the special schools that the great work was done. There were many children whose education had been neglected and who could easily be placed in school, but who would have to be put in lower grades of the regular schools with children much younger than themselves. To meet this difficulty special ungraded schools were suggested. Another class was composed of children who were backward on account of their own or their parents' carelessness. To accommodate such children several cities have instituted special schools so that they may catch up

How Slow Children are Pushed Ahead

There is still another class—the difficult children: those who have been dismissed as being incorrigible, but many of whom are not really vicious. It is with this class that excellent work has been done in Philadelphia. "Indeed," says Doctor Brooks, "one of these schools became so popular in the neighborhood that a number of boys attending the regular schools made application to be admitted into the special school

Somewhat in the same line, but yet different, is the Parental School, which is designed for the thousands of children loose upon the streets, absolutely beyond the control of their parents, and growing up in ignorance and vice who, unless removed from their surroundings and properly trained, will belong to the criminal class when they become men and women. For these children a school of detention is commended; a reform school, but a kindly institution that is well described by the term Parental School Such a school has been supported in Boston and its work is being watched with interest. Brooklyn, too, has tried this, and satisfactory results are reported. Other cities are coming in line, and thus education is being carried not only with kindness but with authority to the neglected children, the habitual truants, the difficult children and the ignorant and vicious children of the cities

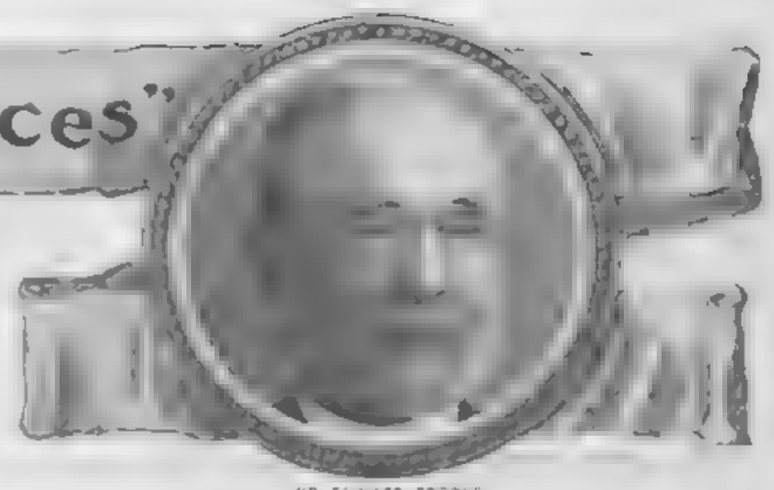
Never was education so ambitious and so active in every direction as it is to-day.

Great credit is due to the men and women who are planning and toiling in behalf of public education. There is no class so unselfish in work or so zealous in the effort to secure larger and better results. They do not receive pay commensurate with the value of their labors and the time must come when their salaries will be largely increased, for in no department of the world's activity is a high grade of intelligence so underpaid. The school teacher is easily the most important individual of our country.

The School for the Four-Year-Old

There is a world of interest in the developments of the public education idea. It spans the whole life of the pupil from infancy to the time when he is old enough to vote. For instance, there are nearly two thousand kindergartens, with over one hundred thousand pupils, in this country. To St Louis belongs the honor of being the first city to incorporate the kindergarten with its public school system. To-day nearly two hundred cities are conducting kindergartens which are absolutely free to the little boys and girls. Almost one-half the States have laws authorizing kindergartens connected with the public schools. The age at which the school tries to take the pupil is generally four, and it seeks to develop him until he is in the neighborhood of twenty. In the upper grades some of our high schools are equal to the smaller colleges, and in many instances the pupil may step from them into the leading universities. In a practical way there are manual training schools which are doing a vast amount of good, and cooking schools and others which are being increased all the time.

The importance of facilities for the broader and more special education of women is proven by the larger participation which they are taking in the activities of the times. Thirty years ago about one hundred occupations were open to women. To-day the number is over four hundred, and it is increasing all the time



DR EDWARD BROOKS

Training for the Trade of the World

Whatever our course may be as to world politics there is no doubt that we have entered into the markets of the world with a determination to conquer. In so doing we have made competition beyond anything we have hitherto known. We have the advantage in the quality of our products, for they are unquestionably the best, but in some other respects we are not so fortunate. For years commercial schools have been maintained in Germany and Great Britain, and the commercial advance of Germany has probably been due to the broad training which its commercial agents and missionaries have enjoyed. It has been only a year or two since the world awoke to the wonderful advance of Germany in the trade of the world, but there is no question about the fact. An interesting illustration of the difference between the men of the two countries when they meet on foreign soil to sell goods is given in a recent report of Mr. George W. Bell, our consul at Sydney

"German methods are superior to ours," he says. "The American agent too often says, 'You want this; it is the latest and best thing out.' And while he is arguing his customer into a good humor, the German says, 'Tell me just what you want and you shall have it by the next steamer.' The American wants to satisfy himself. The German wants to satisfy his customer. The German is a merchant while too often the American is a commissioner. If the Germans would improve the qualities of their wares and give one-half as much attention to style as Americans do we should have to look out for our laurels."

This difference, of course, while important, is not at all fatal. It will be easier to train our men to sell goods by pleasing their customers than it will for Germany to equal the standards of American products. At the same time facts like these ought to give a great impetus to the founding of practical commercial schools in the United States. They would be a vast aid to the advancement and extension of the American trade

In commercial schools we see the tendency of the world toward special training in every department of trade and commerce. In order to succeed nowadays quickest and best the young man or the young woman must have a special education in the direction of the particular line of business. To meet this the special schools are being organized in different parts of the world

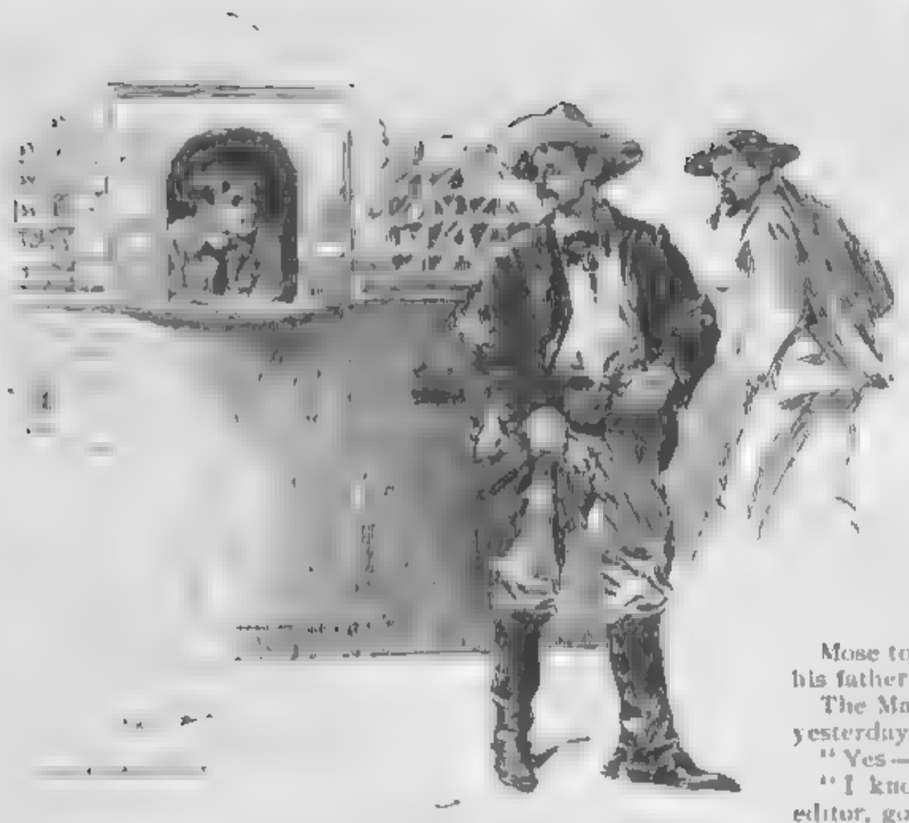
The Study of the Child

Just about twenty years ago one of the most serious psychologists and philosophers of the country, Dr. G Stanley Hall, began to take scientific observations of child life, concentrating upon the study psychology, philosophy and ethics. Thus arose the child study movement. In the words of Doctor Hall, it is a work "for the study of the mind, not unlike that which Darwin did for the methods of Nature study, or that embryology has done for anatomy, viz.: crossquestioning the old methods of analysis, classification of the powers and activities of the adult consciousness by bringing to it a genetic method based, not upon abstractions like Spencer's, but on a copious collection of carefully made and critically sifted objective data."

Child study is not nearly so solemn as these heavy words would seem to indicate. It is watching the child's growth and asking him questions. Some of the information that was elicited from numerous investigations is most interesting For instance, in Boston a large number of school children of tender age were asked about familiar things Not one-half of them knew what a sheep was. Only one in ten knew growing wheat. Three fourths of them did not know an oak tree. Nine out of ten did not know where their own ribs or hearts were. But the most astonishing thing was that in Boston seven out of ten did not know beans

Over a thousand school children in Washington were examined, and there were many interesting conclusions. For instance, as the circumference of the head increases, mental ability increases; the heads of boys are larger than those of girls; bright boys are in general taller and heavier than are dull boys; girls are superior to boys in their studies; as the age increases, brightness decreases in most studies; defects of speech are much more frequent in boys than in girls; boys are more unruly and lazy than girls, and so on through the list

The conclusion of the best students and examiners is a natural one, that the complete education of the child depends mainly upon getting it when young and in encouraging the developments along the best lines. After all, the lesson comes back to the home, and the parents who do not do their duty by their boys and girls not only rob them of valuable time and opportunity, but cheat the world of the intelligence and effectiveness which they would develop if properly guided and aided.



Mose turned and his eyebrows lowered dangerously

The EAGLE'S HEART

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN TRAVELED ROADS, MY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC.

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PART III—THIRD CHAPTER

MOSE RETURNS TO WAGON WHEEL

AS MOSE threw the rope over the bald-faced pinto the boys all chuckled and drew near, for they knew the character of the horse. Reynolds had said, "Take your pick o' the bunch," and Mose, with the eye of a horseman, had roped the pinto because of his size, depth of chest and splendid limbs

As he was leading his captive out of the bunch the cook said to Mose, "Better not take that pinto, he's mean

's his wind all right?"

He's one o' the best horses on the range, all right, but he shore is mean all the way through. He always pitches at the start like he was fair crazy"

"Does he go when he gets through?" asked Mose

"Yes, he's a good traveler."

"I don't want to be delayed, that's all If he'll g[illegible] stay by him"

The boys nudged elbows while Mose threw the saddle on the cringing brute and cinched it till the pinto, full of suffering, drew great, quiet gulps of breath and groaned. Swift, practiced, relentless, Mose dragged at the latigo till the wide hair web embedded itself in the pony's hide. Having coiled the rope neatly out of the way, while the bronco stood with drooping head but with a dull red flame in his eyes, Mose flung the rein over the pony's head. Then the pinto woke up With a mighty sidewise bound he attempted to leave his rider, but Mose, studiedly imperturbable, with left hand holding the reins and right hand grasping the pommel, went with him as if that were the ordinary way of mounting. Immense power was in the stiff-legged leaping of the beast. His body seemed a ball of coiled steel springs. His "watch-eye" rolled in frenzy. It seemed he wished to beat his head against his ruler's face and kill him. He rushed away with a rearing, jerking motion, in a series of jarring bounds snapping his rider like the lash of a whip, then stopped suddenly, poised on his fore feet, with devilish intent to discharge Mose over his head. With the spurs set deep into the quivering, painted hide of his mount Mose began plying the quirt like a flail. The boys cheered and yelled with delight It was one of their chief recreations, this battle with a pitching bron

Suddenly the desperate beast paused and, rearing recklessly high in the air, fell backward, hoping to crush his rider under his saddle. In the instant while he towered, poised in the air, Mose shook his right foot free of the stirrup and swung to the left and alighted on his feet while the fallen horse, stunned by his own fall, lay for an instant, groaning and coughing. Under the sting of the quirt, he scrambled to his feet only to find his inexorable rider again on his back with merciless spurs set deep in the quick of his quivering sides With a despairing squeal he set off in a low, swift sidewise gallop, and for nearly an hour drummed along the trail, up hill and down, the foam mingling with the yellow dust on his heaving flanks

When the bronco's hot anger had cooled, Mose gave him his head and fell to thinking upon the future. He had been more than eight years in the range and on the trail and all he owned in the world was a saddle, a gun, a rope and a horse The sight of Cora, the caressing of little Pink, and Mary's letter had roused in him a longing for a wife and a shanty of his own

The grass was getting scr[illegible] there was new-fallen snow on Lizard Head, and winter [illegible] coming. He had the animal's instinct to den up, to seek winter quarters. Certain ties other than those of Mary's love combined to draw him back to Marion for the winter. If he could only shake off his burdening notoriety and go back to see her—to ask her advice—perhaps she could aid him. But to *sneak* back again—to crawl about in dark corners—that was impossible

He was no longer the frank and boyish lover of adventure. Life troubled him now, conduct was become less simple, actions each day less easily determined. These women now made him ponder. Cora, who was accustomed to the range and whose interests were his own in many ways; the Princess, whose money and influence could get him something to do in Wagon Wheel, and Mary, whose very name made him shudder with remembered adoration—each one now made him think. Mary, of all the group, was most certainly unfitted to share his mode of life, and yet, the thought of her made the others impossible to him.

The Marshal saw him ride up the street and throw himself from his horse and hastened toward him with his hand extended. "Hello, Mose, I've got a telegram for you."

Mose took it without a word and opened it. It was from his father: "Wait for me in Wagon Wheel. I am coming."

The Marshal was grinning. "Did you see the write up in yesterday's 'Mother Lode?'"

"Yes—I saw it, and cussed you for it

"I knowed you would, but I couldn't help it. Billy, the editor, got hold of me and pumped the whole story out of me before I knew it. I don't think it does you any harm."

It didn't do me any good," replied Mose shortly

"Say, the Princess wants to see you She's on the street somewhere now, look[illegible]

"Where's the telegraph office?" he abruptly asked

The telegram from his father had put the idea into his head to communicate in that way with Mary and Jack

The Marshal led the way to a stage office, wherein stood a counter and a row of clicking machines

'What is the cost of a telegram to Marion, Iowa ' asked Mose

"One dollar, ten words. Each ad——"

Mose thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out all his money, a handful of small change His face grew bitter, his last dollar was broken into bits

"Make it night rates for sixty," said the operator. "Be delivered to-morrow morning."

"Go ahead," said Mose, and set to work to compose a message. The Marshal with unexpected delicacy sauntered out into the street

Now that he was actually face to face with the problem of answering Mary's letter in ten words, the youth's hand refused to write, and he stood looking at the yellow slip of paper with an intensity that was comical to the clerk Plainly this cowboy was not accustomed to telegraphing

Mose felt the waiting presence of the clerk and said

"Can I set down here and think it over? '

"Why sure, take a seat at that table over there

Under the pressure of his emotion Mose wrote 'Dear Mary," and stopped

The chap at the other end of the line would read that and comment on it. He struck that out. Then it occurred to him that if he signed it "Harry" *this* operator would marvel, and if he signed "Mose" the other end of the line would wonder. He rose, crushing the paper in his hand, and went out into the street. There was only one way—to write

This he did standing at the ink-bespattered shelf which served as writing desk in the post-office

"*Dear Mary:* I have just re[illegible] your letter. It's a little late, but perhaps it ain't too late. Anyhow, I'm banking on this coming you just the same as when you wrote. I wish I could visit you again, but I'm afraid I couldn't do it a second time without being recognized, but write to me at once, and if you say come, I'll come. I am poorer than I was four years ago, but I've been on the trail; I [illegible] the mountains now. There's no other place for me, but I get lonesome sometimes when I think of you. I'm no good at writing letters—can't write as well as I could when I was twenty, so don't mind my short letter, but if I could see you! Write at once and I'll borrow enough money to pay my way to you—I don't expect to ever see you out here in the West."

While still pondering over his letter he heard the rustle of a woman's dress and turned to face the Princess, in magnificent attire, her gloved hand extended toward him, her face [illegible] with pleasure.

"Why, my dear boy, where have you been?

Mose shook hands, his letter to Mary in his left hand. "Been down on the range," he mumbled in profound embarrassment

She assumed a girlish part. "But you *promised* to come and see me."

He turned away to seal his letter, and she studied him with admiring eyes He was so interesting in his boyish confusion—graceful in spite of his irrelevant movements, for he was as supple, as properly poised and as sinewy as a panther.

"You're a great boy," she said to him when he came back. "I like you; I want to do something for you. Get into my carriage and let me tell you of some plans

He looked down at his faded woolen shirt and lifted his hand to his greasy sombrero. "Oh no! I can't do that."

She laughed. "You ought to be able to stand it if I can I'd be rather proud of having 'Black Mose' in my carriage."

"I guess not," he said. There was a cadence in these three words to which she bowed her head. She surrendered her notion quickly

"Come down to the palace with me.'

'All right, I'll do that," he replied without interest

"Meet me there in half an hour."

"All right

"Good by till then

He did not reply, but took her extended hand, while the young fellow in the postal cage grinned with profound appreciation. After the Princess went out this clerk said, "Pard, you've struck it rich."

Mose turned and his eyebrows lowered dangerously. "Keep to your letter-punchin', young feller, and you'll enjoy better health."

Those who happened to be standing in the room held their breath, for in that menacing, steady glare they recognized battle.

The clerk gasped and stammered, "I didn't mean anything."

"That's all right; you're lately from the East or you wouldn't get gay with strangers in this country See if there is any mail for Mose Harding—or Harry Excell

"Sorry, sir—nothing for Mr. Harding, nothing for Mr. Excell."

Mose turned back to the desk and scrawled a short letter to Jack Burns, asking him to let him know at once where Mary was and whether it would be safe for him to visit her.

As he went out in the street to mount his horse the Marshal met him again, and Mose, irritated and hungry, said sharply

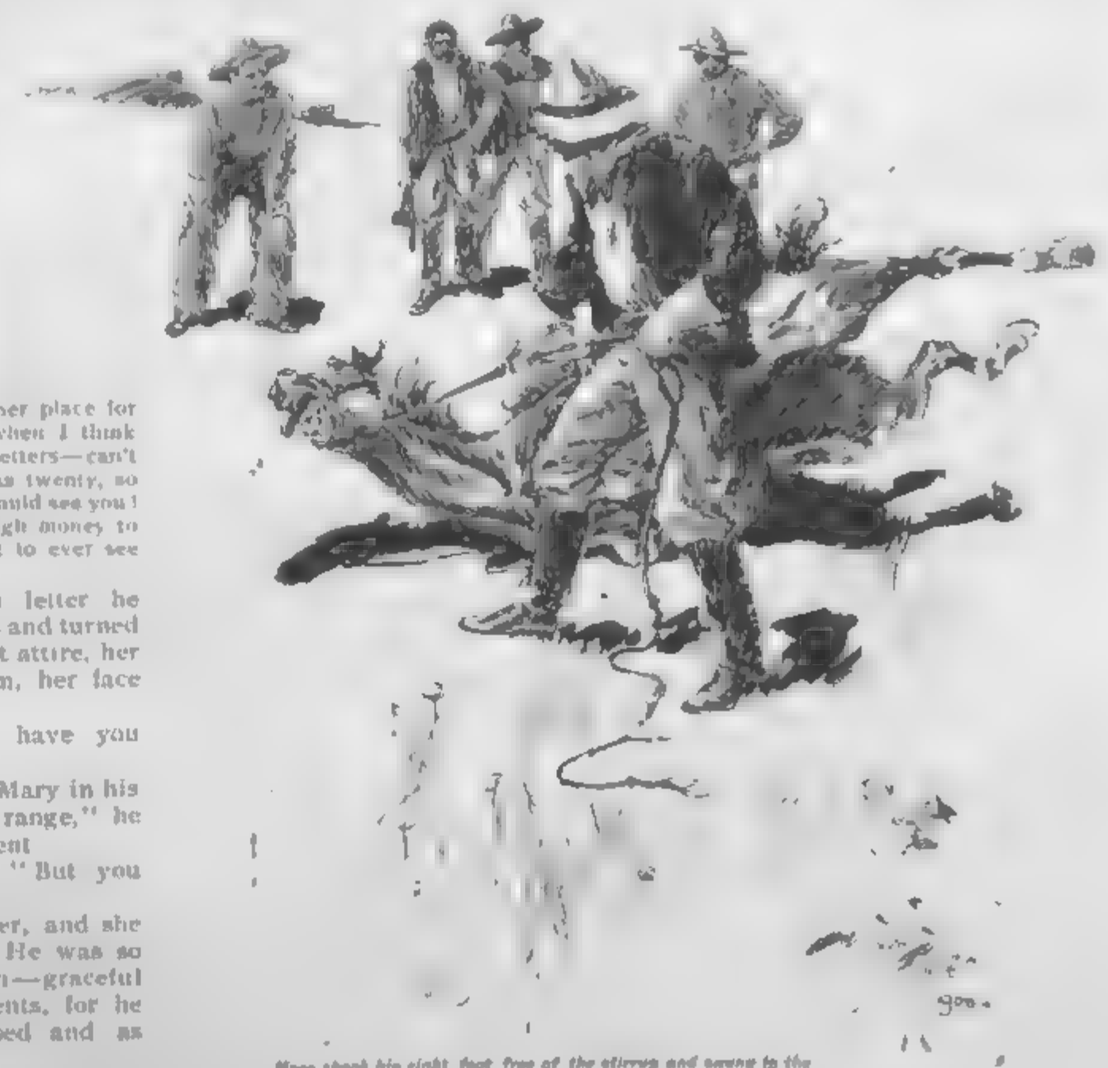
"See here, pardner, you act most cussedly like a man keeping watch on me

The Marshal hastened to say, "Nothing of the kind. I like you, that's all. I want to talk with you—in fact, I'm under orders from the Princess to help you get a job if you want one. I've got an offer now. The Express Company want you to act as guard between here and Cañon City. Pay is one hundred dollars a month, ammunition furnished

Mose threw out his hand, "I'll do it—take it all back."

The Marshal shook hands without resentment, considering the apology ample, and together they sauntered down the street

"Now, pardner, let me tell you how I size up the Princess She's a good hearted woman as ever lived, but she's a little off color with the women who run the church socials here She's a rippin' good business woman, and her luck beats all. Why last week she bought a feller's claim in fer ten thousand dollars and yesterday they tapped a vein of eighty-dollar ore, runnin' three feet wide. She don't haff to live here—she's worth a half million dollars—but she likes mining and she likes men. She knows how to handle 'em



Mose shook his right foot free of the stirrup and swung to the left and alighted on his feet, while the fallen horse, stunned by his own fall, lay for an instant, groaning and coughing

Editor's Note—The Eagle's Heart was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of June 25.

too—as you'll find out. She's hail-fellow with us all—but I tell ye she's got to like a feller all through before he sees the inside of her parlor. She's stuck on you. We're good friends; she come to call on my wife yesterday, and she talked about you pretty much the hull time. I never saw her worse bent up over a man. I believe she'd marry you, Mose, I do."

"Takes two for a bargain of that kind," said Mose.

The Marshal turned. "But, my boy, that means making you a present of all she has—why that last mine may go to a million within six months."

"That's all right," Mose replied, feeling the intended good will of the older man. "But I expect to find or earn my own money. I can't marry a woman fifteen years older'n I am for her money. It ain't right and it ain't decent, and you'll oblige me by shutting up all such talk."

The Sheriff humbly sighed. "She is a good deal older, that's a fact—but she's took care of herself. Still, as you say, it's none o' my business. If she can't persuade you, I can't. Come in, and I'll introduce you to the managers of the National——"

"Can't now: I will later."

"All right; so long! Come in any time."

Mose stepped into a barber shop to brush up a little, for he had acquired a higher estimate of the Princess, and when he entered the dining room of the Palace he made a handsome figure. Whatever he wore acquired distinction from his beauty. His hat, no matter how stained, possessed charm. His dark shirt displayed his splendid shoulders and his cartridge belt slanted across his hip at just the right angle.

The woman waiting for him smiled with an exultant glint in her half-concealed eyes.

"Sit there," she commanded, pointing at a chair and giving an order to the waiter.

Mose took the chair opposite and looked at her smilelessly. He waited for her to move.

"Ever been East—Chicago, Washington?"

"No."

"Want to go?"

"No."

She smiled again. "Know anything about mining?"

"Not a thing."

She looked at him with a musing, admiring glance. "I've got a big cattle ranch; will you superintend it for me?"

"Where is it?"

She laughed and stammered a little. "Well—I mean I've been thinking of buying one. I'm kind o' tired of these mining towns. I believe I'd like to live on a ranch, with you to superintend it."

His face darkened again, and she hastened to say, "The cattle business is going to boom again soon. They're all dropping out of it fast, but *now* is the time to get in and buy."

The waiter returned and interrupted her. "Here's to good luck," she said. They drank, and as she daintily touched her lips with her handkerchief she lifted her eyes to him again—strange eyes with lovely green and yellow and pink lights in them not unlike some semi-precious stones.

"You don't like me," she said; "why won't you let me help you?"

"You want a square-toed answer?" he asked grimly, looking her steadily in the eyes.

She paled a little. "Yes."

"There is a girl in Iowa—I make it my business to work for her."

Her eyes fell and her right hand slowly turned the mug around and around. When she looked up she seemed older and her eyes were sadder. "That need make no difference."

"But it does," he said slowly. "It makes all the difference there is."

She became suddenly very humble. "You misunderstand me—I mean, I'll help you if I can. How do you expect to live?"

His eyes fell now. He flushed and shifted uneasily in his chair. "I don't know." Then he unbent a little. "That's what's bothering me right now."

She pursued her advantage. "If you marry you've got to quit all this trail business."

"Dead sure thing! And that scares me, too. I don't know how I'd stand being tied down to a stake."

She laid a hand on his arm. "Now see here, Mose, you let me help you. You've got to get to work at something, settle right down and dig up some dust. Now isn't that so?"

"I reckon that's the size of it."

It was singular how friendly she now seemed in his eyes. There was something so frank and gentle in her voice (though her eyes remained sinister) that he began almost to trust her.

"Well now, I tell you what you can do. You take the job I got for you with the Express Company and I'll look around and corral something else for you."

He could not refuse to take her hand upon this compact. Then she said with an attempt to be careless: "Have you a picture of this girl? I'd like to see how she looks."

His face darkened again. "No," he said shortly, "I never had one of her."

She recognized his unwillingness to say more.

"Well, good-by; come and see me."

He parted from her with a sense of having been unnecessarily harsh with a woman who wished to be his good friend.

He was hungry and that made him think of his horse, which he returned to at once. After watering and feeding his tired beast he turned in at a coffee-house and bought a lunch—not being able to afford a meal. Everywhere he went men pointed a timid or admiring thumb at him. They were unobtrusive about it, but it annoyed him at the moment. His mind was too entirely filled with perplexities to welcome strangers' greetings. "I *must* earn some money," was the thought which brought with it each time the offer of the Express Company. He determined each time to take it, although it involved riding the same trail over and over again, which made him shudder to think of. But it was three times the pay of a cowboy and a single month of it would enable him to make his trip to the East.

After his luncheon he turned in at the office and sullenly accepted the job. "You're just the man we need," said the manager. "We've had two or three hold ups here, but with you on the seat I shall feel entirely at ease. Marshal Haney has recommended you—and I know your record as a daring man. Can you go out to-morrow morning?"

"Quicker the better."

"I'd like to have you sleep here in the office. I'll see that you have a good bed."

"Anywhere."

"Harry——" Mose made a swift sign. "Old man, how are ye?"

After Mose went out the manager winked at the Marshal and said: "It's a good thing to have him retained on our side. He'd make a bad man on the hold up side."

"Sure thing!" replied Haney.

While loitering on a street corner still busy with his problems Mose saw a tall man on a fine black horse coming down the street. The rider slouched in his saddle like a tired man but with the grace of a true horseman. On his bushy head sat a wide soft hat creased in the middle. His suit was brown corduroy.

Mose thought: "If that bushy head was not so white I should say it was father's. It *is* father!"

He let him pass, staring in astonishment at the transformation in the minister. "Well, well! the old man has woke up. He looks the real thing, sure."

A drum struck up suddenly and the bronco (never too tired to shy) gave a frenzied leap. The rider went with him, reins in hand, heels set well in, knees grasping the saddle.

Mose smiled with genuine pleasure. "I didn't know he could ride like that," and he turned to follow with a genuine interest.

He came up to Mr. Excell just as the Marshal stepped out of the crowd and accosted him. For the first time in his life Mose was moved to joke his father. "Marshal, that man is a dangerous character. I know him; put him out."

The father turned and a smile lit his darkly tanned face. "Harry——"

Mose made a swift sign. "Old man, how are ye?" The minister's manner pleased his son. He grasped his father's hand with a heartiness that checked speech for the moment, then he said, "I was looking for you. Where you from?"

"I've got a summer camp between here and the Springs. I saw the notice of you in yesterday's paper. I've been watching the newspapers for a long time, hoping to get some word of you. I seized the first chance and came on."

Mose turned. "Marshal, I'll vouch for this man; he's an old neighbor of mine."

Mr. Excell slipped to the ground and Mose took the rein on his arm. "Come, let's put the horse with mine." They walked away, elbow to elbow. A wonderful change had swept over Mr. Excell. He was brown, alert and vigorous—but more than all, his eyes were keen and cheerful and his smile ready and manly.

"You're looking well," said the son.

"I *am* well."

Are you preaching?"

"Yes, I speak once a week in the Springs. I ride down the trail from my cabin and back again the same day. The fact is, I stayed in Rock River till I was nearly broken. I lost my health, and became morbid, trying to preach to the needs of the old men and women of my congregation. Now I am free. I am back to the wild country. Of course, so long as my wife lived I couldn't break away, but now I have no one but myself, and my needs are small. I am happier than I have been for years."

As they walked and talked together the two men approached an understanding. Mr. Excell felt sure of his son's interest for the first time in many years and avoided all terms of affection. In his return to the more primitive, bolder life he unconsciously left behind him all the "soft phrases" which had disgusted his son. He struck the right note almost without knowing it, and the son, precisely as he perceived in his father a return to rugged manliness, opened his hand to him.

Together they took care of the horse, together they walked the streets. They sat at supper together, and the father's joy was very great when at night they camped together and Mose so far unbent as to tell of his adventures. He did not confide his feeling for Mary—his love was far too deep for that. A strange woman had reached it by craft; a father's affection failed of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

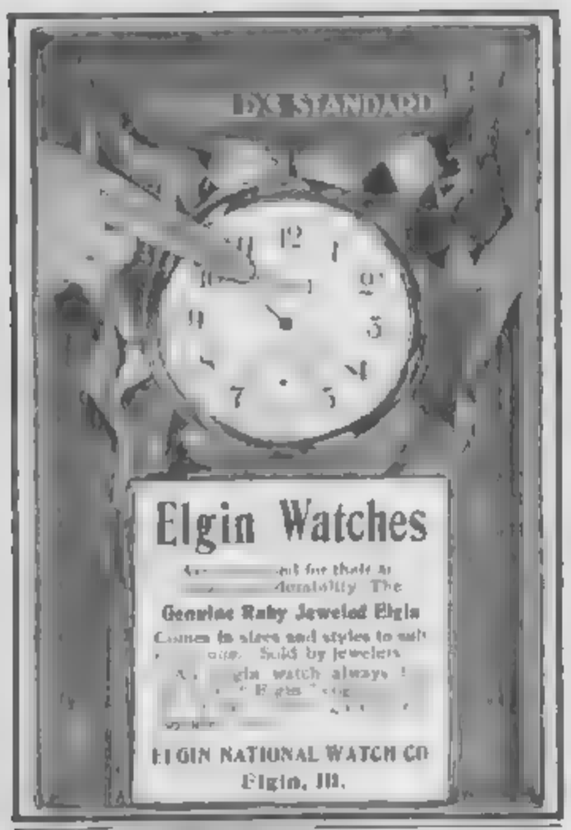
Vaccine for Cattle

THE most important recent achievement by the Bureau of Animal Industry is the discovery and application of a prevention for that dreaded disease of cattle known as blackleg. This malady in some States of the Union destroys more cattle than all other causes combined; Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and the Dakotas suffer very severely. In fact, over a large part of the beef raising regions there is a loss of from ten to twenty per cent of yearling stock annually through this complaint. It appears suddenly in the shape of a black swelling, usually on the hind quarter, and is invariably fatal.

Having ascertained some time ago that the disease was caused by a bacterium, the Bureau set to work to prepare a vaccine which is obtained from animals that have died of the complaint. Four years ago fifty thousand doses of the stuff were sent out by way of experiment, and the results obtained were so remarkable that three hundred and fifty thousand doses were distributed in the following year in response to requests. In the third year five hundred thousand doses were given away, and in 1900 over one million will be sent out.

How effective the vaccination is as a preventive of the malady may be judged from the statement, as made by cattlemen, that it has reduced their losses by blackleg to less than one-half of one per cent. The vaccine is furnished to infected ranges free of charge, and anybody may obtain it by addressing an application to Dr. D. E. Salmon, of the Department of Agriculture. Preference is given to applications made out on regular blanks, which may be gotten by anybody who asks for them.

Blackleg is one of the most widespread of cattle diseases. It is even suspected that a malady which often causes great loss among the reindeer herds of Lapland, Siberia and northern Russia is in reality this same complaint.



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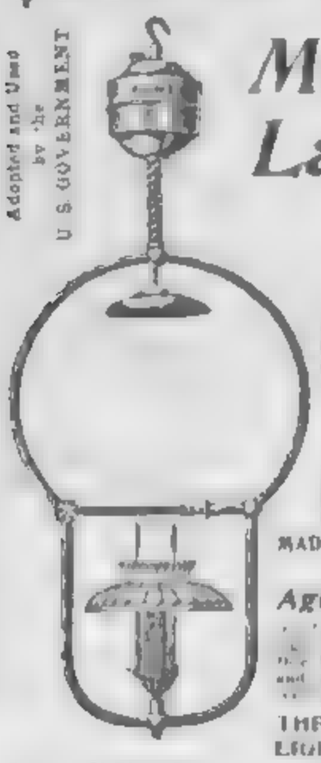

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The Plain Business Man

By ALEXANDER H. REVELL

THOUGH the expression "a plain business man" may not be exact enough to suit the stickler for scientific accuracy, it certainly is sufficiently descriptive to be generally understood. As I shall use it in this paper, and as it is commonly understood by the public at large, it describes the man of affairs who has had his own way to make, and has gained a fair degree of material success without having had the time or opportunity to gloss over his attainments with the "rubbed finish" of bookishness and ripe culture. He is a product of the common schools, not of the college, and his special training has been picked up in the store, the shop, the office or the factory instead of in the classroom. His equipment, in short, is that of the average Western business man of to-day who has reached middle life.

The class to which he belongs is a very large one and as substantial as it is extensive. Therefore no man, however successful, need hesitate to declare himself a member of this great army of practical workers who have gone from the common district school into the battle of commercial life, there to make the fortunes which are building and sustaining the colleges, universities and other institutions of higher education in this country. No intelligent person will, I think, dispute the assertion that the "typical American" of the generation now in power is "the plain business man."

In a few years this observation will cease to hold good and a college man will take the place of the plain, uncultured but forceful man. This is not saying that such a change will bring anything to be regretted. On the contrary, let me hasten to declare that it has been to me a matter of regret that I could not have so much as a taste of college training, and I believe that this regret is almost universal among the men who have missed, by force of their stern necessities, the pleasures and the benefits of a college course.

The Greatest Force in the Community

On the other hand, I must boldly confess my conviction that wealth is a greater moving power in a community than is learning, and that the youth who has an ambition to become a leader in the world of *business* and *affairs* will accomplish his purpose with greater certainty and speed by entering at once upon the business most to his liking when he leaves the grammar or the high school. This opinion I am well aware, is seldom openly avowed and is little short of heretical, but its soundness is confirmed by wide and thoughtful observation. Especially to those young men who, early in life, are *forced* to work, it should be a source of encouragement to realize that an education in a great college is by no means essential to a broad success, for ninety per cent. of the most successful men in this country never attended a university. I would like to advise the average young man to stick to school and college until his twentieth or twenty-third year, if his circumstances permit, *but*, so far as commercial or industrial is concerned, the boy who enters the business house or the shop at fourteen will be a first or second man at thirty, while, at the same age, the college man following the same pursuit will find himself in a minor position. True learning properly used, brings to its possessor a greater joy, a higher satisfaction than it is possible for wealth to bestow; but we are discussing power and business success, and the socialistic agitators, the "calamity" orators, who are crying out against accumulated wealth, make no mistake as to its tremendous power.

Furthermore, the elements of character which enable a man, starting with little or no capital, to build up a great fortune are of that practical and sturdy sort that are fostered and developed by hard knocks and grave obstacles until, by the time the man has achieved wealth, he has also attained an intellectual masterfulness which enables him to swing men and events to his purposes.

The Country Cousin in City Affairs

Many think the city man who makes a large fortune—say of a half million dollars or more—must possess a superlative genius for business, that his talent for money-getting is as much greater than that of his country cousin as the city aristocrat's wealth is greater than the modest competency of the village nabob. This is a decided mistake. Probably it requires more of a gift for a business man to amass $50,000 in a village than to make a million in the big city. Hence my advice: Strike out for the centres of population. If failure must come it will not fall with much greater bitterness or hardship in the metropolis than in the hamlet. And success comes in packages so much larger in the city that the greater chance certainly makes the venture worth the while.

Next in importance, in counseling the youth with an ambition to join the ranks of the plain business men of to-day and to share their power, is the advice: Select one distinct and substantial line and stick to it through thick and thin. Let this be the thing for which there is the strongest natural inclination. Some men are born for trade, others for manufacture, and still others for executive affairs. If a boy is unable, when he arrives at his majority, or nearly approaches it, to tell which of these lines has the greatest attraction for him, he hasn't much individuality, but he had better venture out anyway and take anything that offers until he is more certain about his natural drift. Any bright boy should know the general drift of his own nature and gifts, and can tell if his talents are of a commercial, a constructive or an administrative order.

Development of Character

Emphasis should be placed on this point. Make the most of a dominant gift. I would rather have one talent securely in my possession than an uncertain grasp upon a dozen flattering endowments. The man with the one talent will deal with it seriously and profitably, both to himself and to those about him. He will seldom fail if he stays by the main chance and risks his all upon it. But those who attempt to keep up five or ten talents are so many houses divided against themselves, and must fall.

It would be easy to distort this advice, however. Every man must have recreation, and the development of his minor gifts, purely as a matter of diversion, is the best possible method of relaxation. Let him play with his nine lesser talents as much as he likes and, if he fails with any or all of them, the mistake will be overlooked and criticism smothered under the mantle of his success with his one main gift. This may seem a somewhat narrow view, but before condemning it consider your own experience or that of your friends. Some persons are inclined to bewail the fact that this is a period of specialties; but it should be remembered that there is no specialty, in the modern application of the term, which will fail, if thoroughly mastered, to make the narrowest man broad and the broad man broader.

Living for to-day and letting the future take care of itself is one of the most common causes of failure in commercial life. The prodigality with which the average young man of salary wastes both his time and money is little less than appalling. Lack of attention to vital details and a neglect to build, piece by piece, and with thoughtful appreciation and patience, the structure of a sound reputation—always the biggest item in the man's working capital—are, next in order, the most persistently besetting sins of the youth who is pushing ahead for an honored place in the ranks of plain business men.

Business and Politics

There is another temptation, which comes with greatest force when partial success has been achieved—that of sacrificing convictions and an active part in the affairs of the community because of being afraid to "hurt business" by meddling with politics or public affairs. This attitude is a common one, but it is contemptible and cowardly for all that. For the sake of giving the authority of a testimony backed by actual experience it may be permissible for me to illustrate this point by a personal reference.

Since I was eighteen years old I have almost constantly "mixed in politics," and I have yet to find that this political activity has injured my business, or in any manner curtailed its progress. The test has certainly been a fair one, for the reason that, all of the time, I have been in the retail trade, which is peculiarly sensitive to the influence of local prejudice, as well as conducting a manufacturing and jobbing business.

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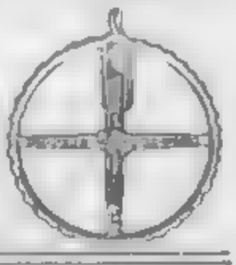

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seriousness, have urged: "Keep out of politics or you will make enemies and injure your chances of success." When pressing some movement demanded by the good of the city these timid ones would counsel: "Leave this job to the professional reformers; it will make you enemies and cost you more than you'll ever get out of it." What they regarded as a foolish if not foolhardy experiment proved a success. Their fears were groundless; the American love of backbone is so strong that a man does not have to sink his individuality in his community or become a political coward to protect his property or his commercial standing. It is difficult to conceive of a figure more deserving of contempt than a man having the power of wealth and of trained executive ability, but too timid to take his rightful place in shaping the public affairs of his city, town or state.

The Real Aim of Public Activity

From my viewpoint the pursuit of politics has become so much of a profession that those who follow it but do not gain their livelihood from it are rare exceptions. Invariably the business man who goes into politics as a means of adding to his income, or from any motives lower than a desire to better the government of his community, will lose in the transaction, for he will be in competition with trained specialists who devote all their time to politics. On the other hand, what right has a business man to complain of dirty streets, inadequate police protection, excessive taxation and general political corruption if he takes no active part in keeping a better state of things in place? Apply to your political interests—and every man has political interests, whether he recognizes them or not—the same line of practical, sensible logic that you apply to the management of your business and it will be plain that you cannot escape a certain amount of political activity.

If asked to what form of political activity a young business man may devote himself with the greatest promise of good results to his town, city or state, my answer would be that, as a general thing, the man exerts the greatest influence in politics who does not want office for himself. To put it in other words, he exercises the greatest power who keeps his hands clean from all taint of direct personal gain, and helps to dictate who shall hold the offices. He may hold some position in the party organization, but one which seldom carries with it salary or perquisites of a substantial character, save when administered according to palpably corrupt methods.

Senseless Abuse of the Good Boss

It may be objected that there is small difference between a man who holds a powerful place in the organization of his party and "the traditional political boss." This I am willing to admit, and do not hesitate to say that there is much senseless and illogical condemnation of the party "boss." If he is a good boss and his influence makes for good government and against corruption, make his acquaintance. Very likely he reflects the average political sentiment of his ward or district and is not so bad as he is painted. You may not approve of all his methods, or of everything done by his lieutenants in exigencies of bitter political warfare, but do not imagine that any party exerting the slightest influence can be successfully conducted without having at its head some powerful individuality which has all the better elements to be found in the traditional political boss. By the same token, do not allow yourself to be excited by the word "machine." The most transcendental political party, the one having the most exalted and perhaps impossible outlines, the one in which corruption is practically unknown, has its machine as well as the most desperately corrupt party organization.

The machine simply stands for crystallization, for system, for intelligent working power. If the machine is corrupt it should be supplanted by one which is pure, and the more corrupt the machine the greater is the demand upon you to take an active part in its overthrow and the upbuilding of a better organization in its place. In general it should be said that the upright, incorruptible citizen who is called upon to accept an office should do so unless its duties will prove a serious burden calling for too great a sacrifice of his own personal interests. There is only one position which, it would seem to me, a man who is above narrow or selfish motives in the matter is never justified in refusing. This is a place on the Board of Education, or the body controlling the common schools in his community. Here is a trust which is of so peculiar and even sacred a character that no citizen who can contribute to the efficiency of such a board is justified in refusing it under any circumstances of a probable or likely nature. The library board is another body of somewhat the same nature, where a man may render most effective service to the intellectual advancement of his town or city. These are all posts which a "plain business man" can fill and which he should be proud to accept.

The Shifting of Solid Thought

I am also convinced that the time is fast approaching when men of fortune and of the highest standing in the business world will not hesitate as they now do to become members of the Board of Aldermen or the Council of the cities or villages in which they have their homes. If we looked at this matter in the dignified and serious light in which it is regarded in England and other Old World countries there would be much less scandal and corruption in municipal politics than now obtains throughout the United States.

Looking at the matter from a selfish standpoint, the business man should pay more attention to the selection of a suitable man for assessor than for Congressman. Do not overlook the importance of the minor officials or of the small things in politics. A justice of the peace and a constable are often the only officers of the law whom the poor man knows, or needs to know, and the community which fails to select good timber for these seemingly insignificant places overlooks its own best interests.

Then, too, a spirit of stalwart courage in applying his political influence should always characterize the young business man. Many a young man has gone into the business world with fine independent spirit and splendid energy and has won wealth only to permit it to make a coward of him. This is inexcusable and indefensible.

Burning Both Ends at Once

Night work does not pay. I have known many successful men who, at the beginning of their careers, worked eighteen hours a day. This may have seemed necessary but it was not wise, although the persistence and energy which it revealed were admirable.

The most profitable indulgence possible is that given to good, wholesome recreation, which not only improves the quality of one's effort but also extends the time in which to win success, the active period of a man's life. Reading should form a considerable element in a young man's recreation. On this point I can speak with conviction from my own personal experience. I can recall scarcely a day in the course of which I have not spent from one to two hours or more reading something substantial—history, poetry, political economy or historical romance. Not only have I found this one of the rarest pleasures of my life but it has, to a very considerable extent, made up for the lack of a college education. Study in season and out of season. Never stop half-way along any line. Master it or keep at it until forced to admit it has mastered you. Never forget or overlook an old friend, and make as many new ones as possible without the sacrifice of a whit of self-respect or individuality. Do this from principle, although policy would dictate the same course, inasmuch as it is through our friends that the best opportunities of life come to us.

A High Hope and a Stout Heart

Not the least important advice to be given the aspirant for honors as a substantial business man, is to marry. Though there is no lack of unhappy marriages and many failures result therefrom, it is nevertheless true that a good wife is generally a source of strength in a man's fight for success.

Dress as well as your means will allow. Even be a little extravagant in this regard. Be persistently hopeful and aim high. Strike a good, brisk, steady pace, look straight ahead, and never let a cheap jest or sneer, a criticism, a mistake or a seeming failure stop you, but march forward over every obstacle, and if you fail to reach the goal at which you aim, you will get near enough to it to justify every effort; and if you are square, sincere and charitable in the contest you will find that the game has been well worth the candle, and that it is no small thing to win an honorable place among the plain business men of America.

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Torch Fishes of the Deep Sea

Mr. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, says that the ideal light, from an economical point of view, is furnished by the firefly and other animals which exhibit the phenomenon called phosphorescence. This kind of illumination is produced by the oxidation of animal fat, and has apparently no waste, being actually light without heat. In the case of the so-called lantern-fly of South America, it renders luminous the large hollow head of the insect—the head being made of a thin and paperlike tissue, through which shines the light from within.

The really interesting examples of phosphorescent light-producers, however, are to be found in the ocean, many of whose inhabitants utilize their own means of illumination. At times, the surface of the sea is fairly aglow, every breaking wave having actually the aspect of a flame. This appearance is due to the presence in the water of inconceivable multitudes of extremely small animals, each of which holds up its tiny torch, so to speak, to contribute to the general brightness. The minute pelagic crustaceans are mostly light-makers, and some of the jellyfishes at night look like veritable balls of fire.

Recent investigators have expressed the opinion that in the depths of the sea, to which no ray of sunlight reaches, there is a considerable illumination by various animals inhabiting those abyssal regions. If this were not so, why should the large crabs and other crustaceans raked up from the nether deep be found to wear such brilliant scarlet and yellow colors? Why, too, should many of the fishes of the depths possess such enormous eyes? Of the fact that many of the fishes themselves are light-producers there is no doubt, the equipment for this purpose possessed by some of them being quite elaborate, while one well-known species is believed to have power to turn its light on or off at will.

Some of the deep sea crustaceans are brilliantly phosphorescent, and it is probable that they often use their light to illuminate their surroundings and to reveal their prey. Certain cephalopods related to the common cuttlefish have an apparatus to throw the light downward to the bottom over which they pass, as if they were provided with reflecting lanterns. Some of the abyssal fishes have luminous plates on their heads, while others have light-emitting spots along their sides, and still others are rendered luminous over the whole of their bodies by a phosphorescent slime. One fish carries on the end of its nose what looks like an electric bulb, and in all probability this serves as a bait for attracting finny victims.

Wolves Automatically Scared

Examiners in the Patent Office have learned by experience that it is a mistake to jump at conclusions regarding the usefulness of inventions. A contrivance at which they were inclined to poke a good deal of fun, designed to frighten wolves on Western prairies, was patented less than three months ago, and already it has come into considerable use in the sheep-growing districts of that part of the country.

The device is an automatic gun, which goes off at regular intervals, scaring the wolves away from the flocks. It consists of a sort of box, which contains a clockwork arrangement, with a small steel barrel projecting from one end. A magazine, also within the box, is loaded with blank cartridges which are fired by the clockwork once in ten minutes or so. By the help of a simple mechanical attachment the intervals between discharges are made as long or as short as may be desired.

Wolves do not attack sheep in the daytime, and the gun needs to be in operation only from sunset to sunrise. It is at the period of lambing that the flocks are in danger, the fierce wolves raiding them and carrying off the lambkins, and hence the apparatus described is intended to be employed exclusively during that season. It may be that the wolf, which is a decidedly intelligent animal, may learn the deception after a while and realize that the automatic gun has not a man behind it.

Hitherto the protection of sheep during the lambing season on many ranches has been a serious problem, the flocks being constantly harassed. Men armed with shotguns make regular rounds at intervals during the night, discharging their weapons from time to time—a troublesome plan, whereas it is comparatively easy for a patrol to inspect, rewind and reload a number of automatic guns in various parts of a ranch once a day.

Photographing by Metal Rays

One of the interesting recent events in science was the discovery of three new metals, to which the names radium, actinium and polonium have been given. Although the trio have not been actually isolated as yet—reduced, that is to say, to a condition of single and absolute purity—they seem to be undoubtedly primary elements, chemically considered. They are found in a mineral substance called pitchblende, which is deposited in veins, and they have the remarkable property of emitting phosphorescent rays that are capable of producing photographic effects upon sensitized plates. In fact photographs have been taken by their light.

Some of the rare metals are worth much more than gold, the most costly of them being gallium, which is quoted at $3000 an ounce. It is found in zinc ores, hundreds of tons of which have to be worked over in order to get a trifling quantity of it. Germanium is worth $210 an ounce, rhodium $112, ruthenium $90, thorium $120, yttrium $60, iridium $37.50, osmium $26, palladium $24, and cerium $11. These prices vary a good deal from time to time, however. The metals in question are curiosities of the laboratory, and there is no real market demand for them. Anybody who should set out to produce gallium by the quantity, having discovered a cheap way of obtaining it, would look in vain for buyers, while a few ounces of germanium would knock prices all to pieces.

Almost the only one of these metals that has commercial usefulness is iridium, which is employed for tipping gold pens. It is obtained from a mineral called iridosmine, which is found in the beach sands of Oregon. This iridosmine is a very remarkable substance, white in color, and consists of a mixture of iridium, osmium, rhodium, platinum and ruthenium. A magnifying glass is used for picking out from the ore the flat grains of iridium that are utilized for pen-tips.

An Ore for Coloring Teeth

Rutile is an ore of titanium, another of the rare metals. It is dark gray in color, and is found in small quantities in many minerals. Rutile occurs in very pretty crystals, varying in hue from yellow to brown and often twinned. The substance has only one commercial use, as has been ascertained recently by special Government inquiry, and that is in the manufacture of artificial teeth. It is utilized to color the porcelain of which such teeth are made, its differing tints giving the requisite variations of hue, such as occur in natural teeth. The cost of rutile is about five dollars a pound, and most of it is obtained from the neighborhood of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and along the Susquehanna River.

About twenty million artificial teeth are made annually in the United States, and of this number nearly one-half are turned out by a single manufacturer in New York City. The porcelain of which they are composed is chiefly kaolin, and the process of putting on the enamel is extremely delicate, the coloring substance being rutile, as above stated. No two teeth are exactly alike in coloring, and after being finished thousands of them are taken together and matched in shade. There are fifty different shades, intended to correspond to variations in the tints of natural teeth.

At an earlier period in the development of the art imitation teeth were made as perfect as possible, in respect to both shape and whiteness, so that their very freedom from blemish often rendered their falsity more conspicuous. Nowadays the matter is better understood, and defects are purposely made in order to contribute to illusion.

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Literary Folk

AMERICAN writers who come to London are usually contented to play the part of visitor and to see London literary society in the drawing-rooms of the permanent residents of the city. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, however, with her lifelong habit of hospitality in Boston always clinging to her, never comes to England as a mere visitor. For many years she has passed part of the summer there, and no sooner does she arrive at her rooms in Weymouth Street than she sets up her litle salon and continues the traditions of Rutland Square. And if Mrs. Chandler Moulton, as they always call her in England, is not so well known in London as in Boston, it is only because the former is the larger place. As it is, Mrs. Moulton has done an almost unique thing: as a transient visitor from abroad she has made her drawing-room a place where English people like to go because they meet so many other English people who are distinguished or who are surely going to be distinguished.

This year has been no exception, and Fridays in July saw the rooms crowded. But London has been so hot that if one were to try to sketch hastily what talk at Mrs. Moulton's is like, one would have to record more conversation about holidays than about literature.

The Renting of a Ghost-House

Maurice Hewlett is off to a house in Norway with his wife and children. It sounds unusual, but the author of The Forest Lovers is generally unusual. And it is more unusual than it sounds, for there is something mysterious about the house, a ghost, or a murder, or both, which accounts for the owner's readiness to get rid of it for a time. However, no doubt it will be a delightful spot for a summer holiday, and a ghost that is let as a fixture with a really nice old house is rather to be envied than otherwise.

Miss Ella D'Arcy was talking also of going to Marburg for the summer. There is always the chance, though, that Miss D'Arcy will not be able to bring herself to leave the flat in South Kensington, to which she is attached with an almost catlike fondness. Miss D'Arcy's friends, however, would be willing to lose her to Marburg, for a time, if it would only induce her to write more. It is time that she gave us some more of her stories—for no one else can. There is a whisper of a long story, founded on the Shelley tragedy, which ought to be of more than common interest, treated in her strong, virile manner. But why is it not forthcoming? Miss D'Arcy is certainly eccentric—a modern author who holds back her work.

Mrs. John Lane, known to Americans as Anne Eichberg King, the author of that charming book, Kitwyk Stories, and to the English as the wife of the well-known publisher, was telling of the secluded village of Selborne, White's Selborne in Hampshire, where she was married two years ago and whither she and her husband have drifted often since, when the talk has been of holidays.

Ever since his return from America Mr. Lane has been ill with typhoid. He philosophically remarks, however, that the publisher's trade has been so slack that if he had to be ill, he at least chose the best possible moment for it.

A Biographer for Beaconsfield

Admirers of Mrs. Craigie's work—one quite forgets, nowadays, to say John Oliver Hobbes—and especially of The School for Saints, and Robert Orange—have thought that she would be the ideal writer for the definitive life of Lord Beaconsfield. The two books are full of Disraeli, and it is evident that the subject is one upon which Mrs. Craigie could write *con amore* and with extreme brilliancy.

Mrs. Craigie, who is vastly more ambitious of distinction than she is of popularity, and who has no need to depend on the pecuniary returns of her work, has cherished this project for a long time, it is said. But the ultimate decision as to the official biographer lies with the Queen, and without access to the various documents left by Lord Beaconsfield no biography of him could be definitive.

It is not likely that the Queen is unfriendly to Mrs. Craigie's claims, but perhaps she is old-fashioned enough to feel that a "lady novelist," and an American at that, would not be a distinguished enough biographer for a great British statesman. Literary critics may be allowed to disagree with Her Majesty as to this.

Perhaps because of a growing feeling in literary circles that the long-delayed task ought to be intrusted to Mrs. Craigie, there has lately been an apparent increase in Lord Rowton's activity. Lord Rowton, who was Beaconsfield's private secretary and is likely to do the life, if it is ever done, has been visiting the Queen frequently of late, and rumor has it that the volumes approach completion. Mrs. Craigie, if she can do no more, has perhaps forced the publication of a most important work which, it seemed to most people, was being withheld for a needlessly long time.

How Mrs. Craigie manages to do her work, or rather to find time to do it, is a wonder, for she is one of the few literary people in London who are really fashionable. Mrs. Craigie is distinctly smart, and that implies enough duties and pleasures to leave most women wrecks.

Robert Orange is just out, but its author is well started on a new novel, besides having a play ready for next season and one or two others on the stocks.

Mrs. Craigie has lived most of her life in England, and it might be thought that she would be American in little more than birth. But Mrs. Richards, her mother, keeps the big house in Lancaster Gate full of Americans, and is herself, although she has lived in England for years and years, as ardent a patriot as one could wish to see on either side of the Atlantic.

The Signature of Bruant's Double

Copies of books signed by their authors are always pleasant additions to a collection, but if the recent experience of an American book lover in Paris goes for anything, it is well not to be eager to secure them. The gentleman in question had long been an admirer of Aristide Bruant's songs of the Paris slums and thieves' dens, and had often heard of the celebrated Cabaret Aristide Bruant in Montmartre where these songs were to be heard.

Early in his visit to Paris he got a friend to take him there. On entering they were greeted with shouts by the rough-looking characters grouped about. A picturesque-looking man in the well-known brown corduroy costume, with scarlet sash and cravat, sang the songs our American knew, and then in friendly fashion came and sat at his table and accepted a drink.

He had a new book just out, said the singer; perhaps the American gentleman would like to buy it. It was three francs fifty, and for an extra ten francs he would sign it. The book collector could not resist and he passed over the money. The book came back shortly with an elaborate inscription in French:

"To my old and dear friend, L. H.
"ARISTIDE BRUANT."

But, alas! the picturesque man in the scarlet sash could not, apparently, write himself, and stepping behind the piano he had got a waiter to inscribe the delightful sentiment of friendliness. This our American saw with his own eyes, and later the poet explained naively that he was really not Bruant, that Bruant was making enough money from the cabaret to live in the country, quietly, and that he, in the same corduroys and scarlet, did quite as well.

The victim of bibliomania was too discomfited to protest. The gentleman in Paris has the ten francs, while our book collector will perhaps, later, forget the bitterness of the moment and exhibit the volume as a gem of his collection.

Author Waited Fourteen Years

Struggling authors who feel that their work waits long for appreciation may take some comfort from the history of A Message from Mars, a play which has been the one real success of the past year in London, a time when almost nothing has succeeded, not even war dramas. This summer one of the most prominent and successful of American actors sat in a box and saw the performance and suddenly realized that fourteen years ago the play had been submitted to him.

And hard-driven editors may take almost malicious comfort from the reason why the play was not taken at that time.

It was not typewritten, and the author's handwriting was so illegible that the actor never managed to get into the play.

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